


M. A. Hamburg



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The Thread of My Life



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M. A. Hamburg



*The
Thread of
My Life*

MILES O. THORNBURG

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Dedicated to my deceased wife

Clyde

for her inspiration and help through the years

and to my present wife

Lou

for her patience and assistance during the

writing of the manuscript

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FOREWORD

LIKE most American businessmen, I lay no claim to being a writer, a speaker, or a preacher; but I have written numerous articles on various subjects, spoken on many occasions, and was at least once accused of being a preacher! On that occasion, Rev. D. F. Putnam of Shelby, North Carolina, invited me to make the dedication speech at a new church he had organized and built in Cleveland County. He introduced me by saying, "This is my old friend from Gastonia, a man who sometimes preaches without a license."

The greatly beloved Dr. J. L. Vipperman had heard of this and while I was making a point with some emphasis before the Gaston County Baptist Association, he spoke out and said, "Brother Thornburg, I say 'Amen' to that, but I remind you that you are preaching without a license."

Before going further, and as a preface to this story, it might be well for me to present a brief biographical sketch of my life.

Birth and Relatives

I was born July 5, 1891 on a farm near Kings Mountain, North Carolina. My father was Jonathan Samuel Thornburg

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and my mother was Mrs. Nancy Anne Harmon Thornburg. In 1918, I married Miss Dora Clyde Adams of Atlanta, Georgia. She passed away on July 14, 1952, and I was married again on February 27, 1954 to Miss Annie Louise Mayes of Gastonia, North Carolina.

My brothers and sisters who, including myself, make a dozen, are as follows:

Robert S. Thornburg, Kings Mountain, North Carolina

W. Henry Thornburg, Kings Mountain, North Carolina

M. Lee Thornburg, Kings Mountain, North Carolina

J. Thomas Thornburg, Atlanta, Georgia

Love A. Thornburg, Charlotte, North Carolina

Frank A. Thornburg, Spartanburg, South Carolina

Charles E. Thornburg, Charlotte, North Carolina

Mrs. W. F. Dover, Charlotte, North Carolina

Mrs. W. C. Dixon, Charlotte, North Carolina

Mrs. W. F. Wilson, Charlotte, North Carolina

Miss Frances Ellen Thornburg, Kings Mountain, North Carolina.

My son, M. O. Thornburg, Jr. and his family live in Atlanta, Georgia, where he is a sales executive with a broadcasting company.

Education

I attended grammar school at Kings Mountain, and Gastonia High School. Later I studied at Piedmont Junior College, Southern Commercial University in Atlanta, and the Textile Department at New York University.

While attending Gastonia High School in 1910, I won the

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S. N. Boyce Gold Medal in competition with high school contestants in Gaston County. In 1911 I represented Gastonia High in the Inter-State Declamation Contest held at Duke University, which was then Trinity College.

Vocation

I lived on the farm until I was sixteen years of age. While attending school, I taught for two years at Oak Grove and Ware Schools near Kings Mountain. I then entered the textile business at Kings Mountain, as assistant superintendent of the Sevier Cotton Mills. After two years in this capacity, I went to Atlanta where I became accountant and assistant manager of Piedmont Cotton Mills. After World War I, I settled in Gastonia, first with the Armstrong and J. O. White mill chains. In 1923 I joined the Groves Thread Company, and am at present Secretary and a Director of the company.

Religious Activities

I have been active all my life in church work, and have served five churches as Sunday School superintendent. My last such work was with the First Baptist Church of Gastonia, where I served as general superintendent for ten years, and as deacon for thirty years. I have served as clerk of the Gaston County Baptist Association and have been director of the Training Union and of Sunday School work in this Association, as well as President of the North Carolina State Training Union and Vice President of the North Carolina Baptist

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Brotherhood. My services as a speaker have been in demand in numerous churches in North Carolina and elsewhere.

Civic and Fraternal Activities

I am a Charter member of Gastonia Masonic Lodge, Holland Memorial No. 688, and also a member of the Chapter and Commandery and a Shriner. I served four years as secretary of Gastonia Masonic Lodge No. 449 before becoming a charter member of Holland Memorial Lodge, which I served for two years as secretary.

I am a member and a former president of the Gastonia Civitan Club. As a member of the Piedmont Council B.S.A. and the Gastonia Chamber of Commerce, I have served on important committees in both of these organizations.

Army Record

During World War I, I enlisted in the army at Atlanta and received basic training at Georgia School of Technology. From Officers Training School at Camp Joseph E. Johnston in Florida, I was commissioned a Lieutenant and assigned to the overseas accounting office, Port of New York. Here I served as investigating officer of overseas shipments and returns until the army was demobilized in August, 1919.

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

Being the youngest of twelve children, I do not know as much about my parents as do my older brothers and sisters but I wish to record several facts. My father was born and reared near Dallas, North Carolina, which is the center of the Thornburg clan. His forefathers came from Germany via Pennsylvania. There were several of the Thornburg brothers who first came to America from Germany and according to family tradition one of them was an organ builder. I have often remarked that I was not sure whether it was "organ builder" or "organ grinder" but they do say he built organs in Pennsylvania during the early part of the nineteenth century and one of those organs is still in use in a very old Lutheran Church at Madison, Virginia.

My father served in the Confederate Army and received a citation at Weldon, North Carolina, for holding a bridge against his own commanding officer. General Joseph E. Johnston had given strict orders that no one be allowed to cross the bridge across the Roanoke River without giving the password. My father was guarding the north end of the bridge one night when General Johnston approached on his horse. Father ordered him to halt and give the password. When the

General stated who he was and refused to give the password, Father ordered him to dismount. Thereupon the General gave the password and was allowed to proceed. When Father was ordered to headquarters the next day he thought possibly it was to be shot. He was agreeably surprised when, instead of a reprimand, he received a citation.

My father, as a planter and head of a household containing twelve children, necessarily lived a rugged life, but he was a good citizen and Christian gentleman and served for many years as a deacon in Bethlehem Baptist Church near Kings Mountain.

My mother was a noble woman, the daughter of Haywood Harmon, one of the largest planters in Cleveland County, North Carolina. Grandfather Harmon was loved and respected in Cleveland County and I recall hearing my mother tell how the neighbors all came to his house the night of the Charleston earthquake in 1886. When they were assured by him that it was an earthquake, they all went home and went to bed. J. G. Stevens of Loris, South Carolina has written an account of the earthquake. His description is vivid:

“Only a handful of people are still living here in Horry County who remember the Charleston earthquake of 1886 and the horrible fright it caused in the low country of the Carolinas. But those who do remember it still love to tell about it.

“Oldtimers tell us of the mighty roar like thunder from underground and in the air, the terrifying tremble of the earth and the fearful cries and prayers to God for forgiveness and for safety.

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“Many thought the earth would open up and swallow them.

“Others thought the end of time had surely come. But whatever else they thought, they thought it was time to pray.

“To this day they recall how cotton fields were bobbing up and down like a small boat on a turbulent lake; the swaying of trees, and clay chimneys toppling over.

“An old coon hunter tells how his dogs, at the first tremble of the earth, stuck their tails between their hind legs and lit out for home!

“Many people who had been making wine cut down their grapevines as a token of their repentance. They started going to church as never before and paying the preacher, too. Those who didn’t have money gave a ham or other produce from their farms.”

The fact that my mother raised twelve children shows only one side of her character. She was a tomboy in her youth, and was possibly the only woman field recruit for the Confederate Army. She said she was always considered as being rough and tumble by her family, and being a good kettle drummer, she was drafted by the Recruiting Board at Elbethel Community in Cleveland County. She beat a kettle drum for the new recruits to drill by during the latter part of the war.

My work started when I started to school at six years of age, as my parents took the position that, “when you are old enough to go to school, you are old enough to go to work.” So after school and between sessions, we did the chores of hog and stock feeding, bringing in the water and wood, and attending the farm. We did not have many holidays, but we

always went to our county seat, Shelby, North Carolina, on the Fourth of July and on circus day in October or November, when Barnum & Bailey's show came to town.

When I was fourteen, I had my first long trip on a bicycle. My father gave me a half acre of land on which to plant my crop of cotton. I made about 600 pounds and sold it "in the seed" for thirty dollars, so I got on my bicycle and rode from Cleveland County to Gastonia, a distance of 20 miles, to buy my first suit with long pants. I went into Mr. Schneider's store, and he showed me a nice blue serge suit at \$15.00. I told him how little money I had to buy all my things for "boarding school" and that I had come all the way from Cleveland County on a bicycle to his store. So, he sold me the suit for \$10.00 and gave me a pair of socks, a tie, and a pair of suspenders. The former Mayor of Gastonia, Leon Schneider, is the son of that kindly old merchant.

At an early age I became a plowhand and for several years had the "pleasure" of plowing a gray mule by the name of George. He was a stubborn mule and I never could understand how a mule could have so much sense and exercise so little of it. George got it into his head that he should have Saturday afternoon off like the rest of us. When I put his bridle and saddle on him to go to Kings Mountain, one Saturday afternoon, he reared up and stood on his hind legs and almost threw me out of the saddle. We had come to an intersection and he wanted to go to my brother's, a short way down one road; I wanted to make the long gallop to town. He kept rearing and trying to turn around; I backed him

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with the severe bits in his mouth until we were about fifty yards past the intersection and then turned him around. Since he could not see the intersection from there, he went on towards town. George pulled this stunt every Saturday afternoon thereafter, but I had learned how to fool him, and so the backing trick always worked when he about-faced on me.

I had not planned to make teaching a career, but having obtained an A-1 certificate in 1909, I taught school and worked as assistant superintendent of a cotton mill at Kings Mountain for two years. Having decided on a business career, I then went to Atlanta, and attended the Southern Commercial College. After completing the course in accounting and commercial law, I got a job as accountant and assistant manager of the Piedmont Cotton Mills there. Just after finishing business school in Atlanta, I answered an ad for a bookkeeper at Willingham-Tift Lumber Company in Atlanta where Miss Mattie Clark was accountant. She interviewed me and recommended me to Mr. W. B. Willingham.

Miss Clark was a very fine C.P.A., hence, being most efficient, was hard to please. She showed her displeasure of me once or twice but otherwise was considerate of me, and being old enough to be my mother, invited me to go with her to dinner and Grand Opera. This made me redouble my efforts in her department. I observed that she detested flies and dust, so I got a fly swat and would not let my coat tail touch me until I killed every fly that entered our department. Then one day I observed that the large reference books under a big table in our room were warped and dust-covered. So I took a

rag and wiped them off and stacked them systematically. Seeing this, Miss Clark exclaimed, "Thanks young man, you are a boy after my own heart."

About this time she recommended me as accountant for the Piedmont Cotton Mills of which Mr. Baynard Willingham was manager, and introduced me to her good friend, Mrs. Nesbit, at nearby College Park, where I obtained room and board. I shall always be grateful to Miss Clark, Mrs. Nesbit, and to the Willinghams who befriended me when I was a young man.

One of my jobs at the Piedmont Cotton Mills was to buy the local cotton. I recall offering a colored man $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound for a bale of cotton one day during the panic of 1913 but he preferred to store the cotton. So we gave him a receipt for it and one year later he came back and we paid him $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound—cotton prices having increased 100 percent in one year. Those were hectic days. My salary was sixty dollars a month but I was able to obtain good board and room for twelve dollars a month. I walked about three miles morning and evening to save five cents carfare. Shoe leather must have been cheap in those days, for at today's prices I would have spent more for half-soling my shoes than I would have saved on carfare. But the cotton that was six cents a pound, now sells at thirty-five, and with today's inflation level, I saved what would amount to about 35 cents. I also got as much good exercise as you could get from a game of tennis, thereby saving the expense of a sports hobby. When I left the Company to enter the army in World War I, I was earning 125 dollars a month, and so was able to stay at a

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“swanky” boarding house where I paid 20 dollars a month for room and board.

Having my army basic training at Georgia Tech worked out well for me as I had married Miss Clyde Adams of Hapeville, Georgia and was living at Atlanta. After a session at Georgia Tech, I reported to Camp Johnston, Florida, at the Quartermaster Training School. Commissioned a Lieutenant, I was assigned to the overseas accounting office in New York City where I “fought the battle of Broadway” until mustered out in August, 1919.

CHAPTER II

THE GROVES THREAD COMPANY

As stated earlier, my wife and I spent 1918 and 1919 in New York and made many excursions out from there, sight-seeing. The winter of 1918-19 was a very severe one and the city was coated with snow and ice for several months. When my wife first joined me there, I took a great deal of pleasure in showing her the many places of interest. We ran around so much that she was stricken with a bad case of flu in December of 1918. We had rooms on 96th Street and Central Park and our landlady told us of a good doctor who was refused for service because he was German born. She explained that he was doing all he could to help servicemen and their families, so she called him for us and he came very promptly.

In a few days he had Mrs. Thornburg up and around. I wrote the doctor to send me a bill at once but he did not respond so I went to see him at his office. He said: "My dear Lieutenant, please do not offend me. This is the least I can do for my beloved America and if you or your wife need me again I shall be happy to come to you day or night free of charge." The prejudice we had against local Germans was natural at that time, but unfortunate, for most of them were

loyal to their adopted country and did all they could or were allowed to do in its best interests.

When I was commissioned at Camp Johnston, Florida and ordered to New York, it was the longest trip I had taken up to that time. On the train, a young Jewish man from New York occupied the berth over mine and engaged me in conversation when we were approaching New York City. It was 7:00 a.m. and he invited me to go to his home with him for breakfast. He saw I was a bit hesitant, but I consented to go.

His mother was most cordial and served us a delicious breakfast. Then the young man took me to the subway and put me on the right train for my assignment at 204 Broad Street in downtown New York. These kind people had us to dinner several times while we were in New York. This experience and many others of a business nature down through the years, has endeared the Jewish people to me.

While we were living in New York I also met a Mr. Youngblood of the Youngblood Importing Company, having been introduced and recommended to him by his nephew and our good friend Mr. Willis Moore of Atlanta. The Youngbloods were very nice to us and, when I left the army in August of 1919, he made me a flattering offer to join his company and promised to make me treasurer of the company within a year. This offer was hard to turn down as New York City had become fascinating to us, but we were just too homesick for the South to accept, so we returned. Gastonia has been our home since 1919.

A chain of circumstances contributed to my coming to Gastonia after the War. In the first place, my employer in

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Atlanta had found it necessary to fill my job while I was away. They hired a man with a large family of small children (about the only class of able-bodied men exempted from military service), so I declined to return and claim my old job. Also, my aunt, Mrs. L. C. (O.W.) Davis, had lost her adopted son Jonathan Fayssoux, during the war, and urged me to come and look after her. I was able to arrange for a temporary job with Colonel C. B. Armstrong, with the Armstrong chain of textile mills, and Mr. Arthur Winget, and my wife and I arrived in Gastonia on August 15, 1919. After a year with the Armstrong mills in the general offices, I went with J. D. Moore and J. O. White of the Moroweb and Modena Mills. In 1923 I made a connection with the Groves Thread Company, Inc., then chartered as Groves Mills, Inc., as accountant and office manager. Henry H. Groves was president, L. C. Groves, vice president, and Earl E. Groves was treasurer. The following year I was elected secretary of the company and shortly afterwards was also elected a member of the board of directors.

The company had always specialized, and made only sewing thread of highest quality. Many apparel manufacturers took all their natural unfinished sewing thread from the Groves Mills. Then the company began to furnish many large garment manufacturers with finished thread, which Groves sent out to be bleached and dyed at finishing companies and shipped direct to the garment manufacturers under the Groves label and trademark. This, due to the superior quality of the thread, brought an urgent demand from many large garment manufacturers for Groves Mill to

furnish the finished thread. In 1928 the company decided to build a finishing plant adjacent to its several spinning mills.

I welcomed this opportunity to get into the finished thread business for several reasons. First, in the textile course at New York University, which I attended evenings during my army service, I had learned something about finishing thread. Also, in 1921 and 1922 I had had considerable experience in having natural thread bleached and dyed and put up on yardage or precision-wound cones, when I was with J. O. White and J. D. Moore and the Modena and Morowebb Mill group. I had sold it to knitting mills in Pennsylvania as seaming and looping thread.

The new Groves finishing plant was completed in 1929. It faced many problems. We had to go almost overnight from a market of 200 thread converters to one of 5,000 potential customers—garment and other manufacturers using finished thread.

Having been very closely associated with Mr. Henry Groves and Mr. Earl Groves, it was understandable to me that they were reluctant to start the finishing of threads. In the first place, the company had been very successful in spinning threads, hence there was a natural inclination to let well enough alone. Then also the company realized that the finishing entailed much detail and many “headaches.” But market conditions forced the company to furnish thread, so the half million dollar finishing plant was equipped for all types of finishing thread. The company then adopted the slogan “Manufacturers of sewing thread for every stitching operation.”

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The company had pioneered in the South in the early years of the twentieth century in manufacturing thread yarns, and then in 1929 it pioneered in finishing sewing thread. Groves Mills Incorporated became Groves Thread Company, Incorporated.

We had to concentrate on sales, and someone had to be prepared to do considerable traveling. When spending week-ends in Atlanta with Mrs. Thornburg's relatives, I began selling finished thread and bringing back orders with me. The Groves principals told me I would be worth more to the company and to myself if I would commit myself to more traveling, so by 1931 I had almost entirely divorced myself from the accounting and office routine (which had been taken over by Mr. James Bracey) and had become not a "Two-job Farley" but a "Three-job Thornburg." I bought the supplies, sold the waste or by-products, and sold thread. At my now somewhat advanced age and feeling a little "stiff at the joints," I wonder how I had the strength to do so much work without a breakdown in my health, but I came from a rather sturdy people and have always enjoyed good health.

For about twenty years, I was the only salesman in the South who traveled for the company, except for an occasional trip made by Pat Reid, our production manager. A large percentage of the company's production has always been sold to thread converters and jobbers, of course, by Mr. John Strigner, who had served for many years as manager of the company's New York office. Henry and Earl Groves, Sr. were the efficient managers of the company for many years after the passing of their father L. F. Groves, the company's founder.

Craig Groves was always head of the cotton department of the company and has served throughout the years as an officer and director. Claude Withers, Lorne Payne and John Long served for many years as superintendents of the various plants.

When Earl E. Groves passed away in 1952, his responsibilities fell upon the shoulders of his son, Earl T. Groves, who has done an excellent job of enlarging upon and carrying out the plans laid by his father. The mills have all been enlarged and modernized. A large spinning unit was added, and the entire organization reinforced. Sales have expanded considerably. Today, the company stands at the top in the manufacturing of efficient sewing thread. Several companies are older and larger, but none are better. In fact, a well known thread converter made the statement some years ago that for more than a quarter of a century the name "Groves" had been a synonym of the best thread produced.

I have been compensated in many ways for the years of work I have devoted to this organization. About the finest compliment a salesman can receive, both for himself and his company, is to earn the complete faith of his customers. Many manufacturers of garments have told me that they were completely sold on Groves thread, and that if their contract expired before I could come to see them, I was to mail them a new one for renewal.

My traveling for the Groves Thread Company has taken me into every part of the United States and most of North America.

CHAPTER III

TRAVELOGUE

In 1936 while serving as president of the Gastonia Civitan Club, I attended the Civitan International Convention at Hartford, Connecticut. At this time I was traveling a great deal, introducing and selling Groves finished thread, so we made it largely a business trip. My wife, her sister, Miss Mae Adams of Atlanta, and my son, Oliver, went with me on this trip via New York City to Hartford. After we left Hartford we traveled through New York State to Niagara Falls. Near Albany, in the mountains, we saw a lady selling "ice water" at the side of the road. Being thirsty, we stopped. The water which came from the woman's spring, was just above freezing, and sold for one cent a glass.

From Niagara Falls we traveled through Ontario, to Detroit, and went on to visit Cincinnati and the other larger cities in the Midwest. We stopped at Harding's tomb in Marion, Ohio, Grant's home in Georgetown, Ohio and the Mammoth Caves in Kentucky.

My sister-in-law, Miss Mae Adams, was responsible for improving our education on this trip. We were at Detroit, having crossed over the bridge from Windsor, Canada. We

were going through the inspection by the United States Customs, and Miss Adams expressed her displeasure in her usual emphatic manner at the inspector ruffling the carefully packed underwear in her suitcase. This made the inspector both mad and suspicious. He then proceeded to take his time, and remove everything from her suitcase. We all felt sorry for poor Mae and for ourselves too, but we at least learned never to argue with the inspectors.

My wife always enjoyed telling the joke on herself about our experience at Fuller Brush Company's big factory at Hartford. She had just had all her teeth pulled and, not being well, she remained in the car while we went through the plant. As we left the factory we were presented with tooth brushes. I was given an extra one for my wife, my son Oliver got one and one extra for his mother, my sister-in-law was given an extra one for her sister, and the committee at the front, having observed Mrs. Thornburg in the car, had taken her one. She always enjoyed the story about the time she had four tooth brushes but not a tooth in her head.

To the Deep South and the Southwest

In 1938, when Oliver was 14, he accompanied me on a trip via Savannah and Jacksonville to Miami. There we parked the car and took the boat to and from Havana, Cuba.

While in Havana we were entertained by a customer. Our business friends spoke very little English but they had with them a well educated man from Switzerland. It was spring, and we were on an open porch or street patio enjoying a nice

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Cuban lunch. I remarked how pleasant it was, and how nice it would be to live there. The man from Switzerland replied: "No, not live here. Nice to visit but not live." I then asked him why he did not take his wealth, then, and go back to Switzerland. "Fourteen reasons why I can't," he replied. "Cuban wife and thirteen Cuban children!"

We then traveled via Tampa, Mobile, New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, and El Paso, to Holbrook, Arizona, where we visited the Petrified Forest and the Painted Desert. Oliver spelled me at the wheel, so we never felt tired. From Holbrook we went via Albuquerque, to Amarillo, Dallas, Shreveport, Vicksburg, Birmingham, Atlanta, and on home to Gastonia.

In all my traveling of more than one million miles, I have never been involved in a bad accident, except on the trip mentioned above. At Rosenberg, Texas a cow jumped out from behind a high stack of cross ties. We hit her, and the front of the car was damaged some. Later the same evening near San Antonio, the side of the front seat caught fire, probably from a cigarette. We were singed somewhat, as was the seat of the car, before we could stop and extinguish the fire. Between El Paso and Holbrook a large calf jumped from the brush; we hit the calf, killing it and doing some more damage to the front of the car. We were stopped by deputies in a nearby town, detained for two hours and forced to pay twelve dollars for the calf. As we left Dallas, a truck pushed in the rear of our car as we waited at a stop sign. The impact shoved us all the way across a wide street.

In this accident I only received some bruises and shock,

but Oliver suffered a brain concussion and had to be hospitalized for a week. The car also had to have considerable repairs. My cousin, Mr. Harold Egger, who was with Travelers Insurance Company in Dallas, had the entire damage taken care of. After the car was repaired, I continued the business trip home and Oliver flew home after he was released from the hospital.

When I presented the repair bill to our local agent, Mr. Joe Holland, he said he would be glad to take care of it but he was going to send my pastor, Dr. B. A. Bowers, with me on the next trip.

New Orleans and Other Interesting Places

On my trips through the Southwest in the early spring I sometimes took my family with me. We timed things so as to reach New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. New Orleans is advertised as "America's most interesting city" and having visited most cities I must agree that no other city in the country is quite so fascinating, especially during Mardi Gras. The Audubon Bird and Animal Park is worth going to New Orleans to see. Then the antique shops on Royal Street, the famous eating places and show places on Bourbon Street. Canal Street, which divides the newer section from the French section, is one of the showplaces in America. There are many fine hotels in New Orleans but we always stay at the Old Monteleone because it is near the Vieux Carre or French Quarter. The hotel lobby is large and beautiful and boasts what may be the largest clock in America. It was imported from France, and

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stands about 20 feet high. It is hand carved out of hardwoods and is very ornamental.

On one of our trips through the Southwest we crossed the border at Laredo, Texas, and went to Monterrey, which is the largest city in northern Mexico. It is built on top of a mountain and is very old but has many modern buildings.

We exchanged \$10.00 for 100 pesos in Laredo and had enough for two days' travel in Mexico, including lodging and meals at one of the nicest hotels, for four of us.

On one trip from San Antonio, we also stopped at Uvalde and inspected John Nance Garner's famous collection of gavels in the lobby of the hotel. It is possibly the world's most famous collection of gavels. Some were so small you could scarcely see them, while some were so large that one man could not wield them. Most of them were regular size and many had been made from famous hardwoods from various parts of the world and presented to Mr. Garner by admirers from many nations, as he was considered the world's leading "presider."

In this same area we observed thousands of goats that looked very well, notwithstanding the fact that they had to root under the ground for grass roots in order to survive. We were told that it had not rained in that area for several years, so the grass roots would flourish under ground during the cool nights but could not come further than the top due to dry hot weather in the day time. The goats were corralled at night and given irrigation-water and fed hay that had been made in an oasis supplied by water from a mountain canyon. Even under these circumstances we were told that more goats

were raised there than in any other part of the country.

One of our most enjoyable experiences was to cross the Rio Grande at El Paso and have dinner at Juarez (pronounced "Warez"). This is a city of about 100,000 inhabitants. Most of the eating places used to be very uninviting, but the tourist trade in recent years has greatly improved conditions in these Mexican border cities.

One of the longest trips I made in the '30s was to the West Coast. It was in July and my family traveled with me. We traveled 8,500 miles to New Orleans, Houston, Dallas, El Paso, Carlsbad Caverns, Grand Canyon, Death Valley, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento, Reno, Denver, Colorado Springs, Wichita, Fort Smith, Little Rock, Memphis, Birmingham, and Atlanta.

We were very much amused at San Antonio's reaction to the publicity given to the expositions being held in other Texas cities that year. Houston did extensive advertising. Dallas had large signs on the highways. There was the Texas Centennial, Texas Under Seven Flags, and the Cavalcade of the Americas. Fort Worth had the Frontier Exposition. San Antonio had no exposition, as the other larger cities had stolen the show, but San Antonio put up large signs reading—"Remember the Alamo—San Antonio." So, they had their share of visitors as tourists felt they had not seen Texas unless they had seen the Alamo.

A trip to the West Coast is very interesting but an Easterner is usually glad to return East. Los Angeles with its three million people has been growing faster than the newcomers could be absorbed. At one time officers were stationed at its

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approaches to welcome you as a visitor but not as a resident. San Francisco was a delightful place to cool off in after leaving Los Angeles. It was so cool there in July that the windows had to be closed, and we slept under blankets and people were wearing their overcoats on the street.

At Salt Lake, as we approached Salt Lake City, we stopped and went swimming. We could hardly believe our eyes when we saw small children who could not swim, wading in the lake where the water was 20 feet deep. We found when we got in the water it was so thick with salt that one could not go under. After we swam out into the lake we decided to stand up and tread the water as others were doing, but were embarrassed and somewhat disgusted when we found we could not get our feet to go down. A young lady nearby, seeing our predicament, came to our assistance and told us to draw our feet up to our bodies and then force them straight down. To our amusement and delight it worked and we were able to walk around in the water even though it would have been well over our heads had our feet been on the bottom.

In Denver it was the grasshopper season and they had come in from the west to the extent that places on the streets were almost impassable due to the grasshoppers having been stepped on and crushed on the sidewalks.

In Hot Springs we found the water was really hot, so much so in fact, that you had to cool it before you could drink it.

Interesting Places Visited

Our trips to New England and also to New York City have

always been fascinating. And although we lived, or rather were stationed, in New York City during World War I, we really never saw the city until a few years ago. We took a sightseeing trip in a bus from Times Square and covered most of the places of special interest.

Those who have taken this trip know the guide is very humorous. To him, Broadway is "The street of a million lights and also of a million broken hearts." Of the fine residential places up toward Central Park, he said, "You must have a family tree to live here but there can be some crooked limbs on it." As we passed by the statue of the famous pioneer publisher, Horace Greeley, he announced: "There he is, the man who advised young men to 'go West,' but as for Mr. Greeley, he preferred to stay in New York and make a million dollars, and those who took his advice have been walking back ever since."

In April of 1955 my wife Lou and I parked our car at the Miami airport and flew to Havana, Cuba. We had always previously gone by boat, but being pressed for time, we decided to fly. This is a most interesting trip. You can clearly see Key West from the plane. We spent three days and nights in Cuba and were fortunate in being able to see the Cuban Mardi Gras, which is put on by nationals from all parts of Cuba. It is very weird and colorful. This is a great show and in some respects, is more spectacular than the New Orleans Mardi Gras.

Also, the Tropicana, one of the most interesting night clubs in all the world, is near Havana. It covers fifteen acres and is really one of the showplaces of the world. It has three

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orchestras and puts on several huge stage shows each night. One half of the theater portion is outside, and one half inside, and which side is used depends upon the weather. The shows were staged on the outside the night we were there and "believe it or not" much of the show was staged in the tops of large trees that surround and are a part of the huge amphitheater. We were entertained royally while there by Dr. and Mrs. Mario Stone. Dr. Stone, who was educated in the United States, is a good friend of the Groves family and the writer.

Havana, one of the largest cities in the world, has a population of almost two million. Like New Orleans, it has both the old and the new. Many of the famous market streets are just wide enough for a car to pass one way and the sidewalks are but "one person" wide. In the new areas are many fine and large hotels, such as the beautiful Nationale and the Havana-Hilton.

The capital building, erected in 1930, cost eighteen million dollars and has a very large diamond set in the center of the gorgeous lobby. The diamond was stolen some years ago but the thief repented and mailed it back to the government; since then it has been watched day and night by armed guards.

Travels through Virginia in 1955

On most of my trips I have called on customers. In fact, Oliver, on one of our trips many years ago when he was a little boy, asked: "Daddy, can't we ever take a trip without working business?" So a recent trip to Virginia was purely a pleasure trip. Mrs. Thornburg has a fine friend in Norfolk,

Mrs. Harry Midgette, with whom she taught school for many years after they finished college. Mrs. Midgette, whose husband is with the Seaboard Air Line Railway at the company's head office in Norfolk, invited us to come and spend a night with them. They took us to the Hampton Roads Lobster House for dinner and were most gracious hosts.

After leaving Norfolk the next morning we crossed Hampton Roads on the Newport News ferry as I had done on many former occasions, and went by for another visit to Williamsburg — then “on to Richmond” where we were luncheon guests of officials of the State Planters Bank and Trust Company.

In the afternoon we drove via Appomattox to Lynchburg. My first wife and I stopped there many years ago while en route from Richmond to Lynchburg. She prided herself on being prejudiced on some subjects and somewhat of a Rebel on the subject of the Civil War. At first she did not get out of the car and when I mentioned her lack of enthusiasm for the place she answered, “I remember something was lost here, but I haven't lost anything.” It is very interesting to see the old buildings just as they were at the surrender. It is said that when General Lee walked up to General Grant's headquarters between a row of Union soldiers with bayonets fixed he thrust his hat on one of the bayonets and ordered the Union soldier to hold the hat for him. I cannot accept this story, however, as I think General Lee was too much of a soldier, statesman, and Christian gentleman to stoop to such an indignity.

The following day we went to Captain and Mrs. John

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Barrett's at Lexington, Virginia, for a luncheon. Captain Barrett is a son of my former Pastor, Dr. W. C. Barrett, and is Professor of History at Virginia Military Institute. Many people do not know it, and in fact, I had to be reminded, that General Robert E. Lee is buried there at Lexington, Virginia on the campus of Washington and Lee. The same day we visited again the Natural Bridge, which I think is one of the most fascinating spots in America.

We arrived at the Homestead Hotel at Hot Springs, Virginia, in the afternoon, and attended the sessions of the Combed Yarn Spinners Association. This is one of the finest hotels in the country. In fact, it is very old, very large and very fine. It has an air of history. Thomas Jefferson rested in that hotel in 1800 after his successful presidential campaign. The part of the building in which he stayed still stands, but the hotel has been added to several times and now contains approximately 700 rooms and the main dining room will seat a thousand people. The main dining room opens on Sunday morning at eight o'clock but guests arrive at 7:40 to hear the 200 colored waiters and waitresses give a religious service consisting of scripture reading, a prayer and spirituals. This is very impressive and has been a tradition of the hotel for many years.

After breakfast Sunday morning, we drove down the Blue Ridge Parkway to Taylorsville, North Carolina, where we had dinner with my nephew, Rev. Love Dixon, and I spoke for him at his church Sunday night on a subject I have used on many occasions—"The Layman and His Church."

Commodities of United States of America

In my extensive travels during the past twenty-five years, I have had occasion to see many commodities and products about which I was familiar but the source of which I had forgotten or did not know. Of course, most people in the south-east are familiar with the fact that our peanuts, peaches and tobacco are grown in the eastern parts of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, and our citrus fruits in Florida, the lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas, and Southern California. Our principal supply of goats and sheep comes from southwest Texas. From San Antonio to El Paso it is practically one pasture, 600 miles long.

We also observed while in California that our principal supply of celery comes from one or two counties about 100 miles south of San Francisco. Our wheat comes from northwest Texas—the distance of about 300 miles from Sherman to Amarillo is a solid field of wheat. On a clear day in June I have been able to see at one sweep of the eye as many as a dozen combines running. It was also interesting to see the great Midwest Corn Belt. One day I passed through a “corn field” about 400 miles long. The corn is planted about as thick as sugar cane or cotton in the row.

It was also of interest to note while on my way from Albany, New York to Niagara Falls, that the south central part of New York State is the cherry belt. In June, when I traveled that way for about 200 miles, it seemed I was passing through one great cherry orchard. It was late in June and the cherries were very beautiful.

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I shall not undertake here to enumerate all the principal commodities and products and their sources, but being in the combed yarn industry and being a resident of Gastonia, North Carolina, I think I should mention the fact that Gastonia is the headquarters for the combed yarn industry and most of the fine combed yarns produced in the United States are from Gastonia and Gaston County. In fact, on a real clear day, you can stand on top of one of Gastonia's highest buildings and count the smoke stacks of about 200 textile mills. The majority produce or finish combed yarns and fine fabrics made from the longer and finer varieties of long staple cottons.

New England Travelogue

One of the most interesting and informative trips I have made was a trip through New England. After attending the Cotton Thread Institute meeting in New York City, I took the fast train in company of Mr. Maurice Chaffin of Bay State Thread Works, now a department of Groves Thread Company, to Springfield, Massachusetts. We had dinner on the train and arrived at 8:00 p.m. The next morning Mr. Chaffin took me by the huge plant where the famous Springfield rifles are made under Government supervision. Then we went through the city's park and museum. While passing by the large lake in the park, I saw thousands of wild geese and was told they had just come in from Canada, and it being early November, would leave in a few days on their next lap to Ansonville, North Carolina and after a brief stop-over in North Carolina, go on to Florida for the winter and then back

by the same route in the spring. Even these geese have sense enough to spend their winters in Florida, their summers in Canada, and the between season in North Carolina.

From Springfield I went to Worcester for a few hours. It is indeed a quaint and interesting old city with much history connected with it. In Boston I visited many historical places and had dinner at the Durgan Park Restaurant in the Faneuil Hall area on the water front.

From Boston I went to the old shoe manufacturing city of Brockton and to New Bedford and then via Fall River to Providence. This was in the fall of 1949, after much of the textile industry had dismantled or moved South. As I passed through Fall River I remarked to the man sitting by me on the bus about the vacant and dismantled mills and asked him about the textile industry. He, being an elderly man and a life-long resident of New England, said, "Well you are a visitor and entitled to know the truth. I can tell you that the crux of the whole matter is union racketeering and high taxes."

According to his story, the mills for many years were poorly managed and this invited union organizers, and when they were organized their demands became unreasonable. He also stated that the city tax rate and the state and county rates were more than \$4.00 each or an approximate \$10.00 combined rate as compared with about \$3.00 in Southern towns and cities. After hearing his story I could understand why many New England mills moved to more favorable locations.

We arrived at Providence early in the afternoon and my first interest was to visit the historic First Baptist Church founded by Roger Williams in 1636. This was the first Bap-

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tist church established in America and the settlement was named Providence by Roger Williams as he considered it providential that he had settled at that place.

CHAPTER IV

THE FAT LADY AND OTHERS

I think I shall mention some of the most unforgettable characters I have met. I could never forget the big fat lady that ran a hosiery mill in North Carolina. I sold her seaming and looping thread during World War II and in the Korean War period, but did not get by to see her for a year or two after we started selling her, due to the gas situation. Finally I spent a night in her town and when I inquired about her factory, at the hotel the next morning, the clerk said, "You're not going around there are you? She will throw you right into that river nearby."

When I reached her place she was on the outside of the building and when I approached her I took out my cigarettes and offered her one. She looked at me and said, "No, my dear man, I do not smoke or drink but am tempted to cuss a little sometimes."

"Well," I replied, "you seem to be getting along fine. Your husband is associated with you I suppose?" "No," she said. "He is associated with a horse. He does not like the hosiery business so I let him ride his horse," and then she lifted her eyes to a nice farm house and riding ring in the distance where her husband could be seen riding a saddle horse. She

was a very large and rugged lady but she pointed to a nearby playground where she had employed a nurse to care for and feed free of charge about forty children, whose parents were working in her mill. She was rough and possibly misunderstood in the community, but she had a heart of gold. As I left she almost squeezed my hand off and expressed her appreciation of my visit and services. As I thought of this dear lady and many other people who are more or less misunderstood, I thought of the poem:

Could we but draw back the curtains,
 That surround each other's lives.
 See the naked heart and spirit,
 Know what spur the action gives.
 Often we should find it better,
 Purer than we judge we should.
 We would love each other better,
 If we only understood.

When I started traveling in 1930 one of my first trips was to introduce Groves thread to some prospective customers in the Midwest. On this trip I went by a large glove company in Dayton, Ohio to see a Mr. Farrell who was many years my senior. He complained of a trial lot of Fortress brand thread for sewing leather palm gloves. I told him we sold him the Fortress thread for cloth gloves and he should use our Samson brand for leather gloves. He asked, "What is Samson?" and so I told him it was a thread spun from the best and longest Egyptian Sakelarides staple and was just what the name implied. Like the smart young salesman I was, I thought I had it clinched, but Mr. Farrell, looking at me through the tops

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of his eyeglasses inquired: "Before or after his hair was cut?"

I must confess I was a little rattled so I had to wind myself up and start all over again.

On one of my first trips to Georgia, I learned of the Ways and Means Factories, Inc. at Augusta run by a blind man named W. E. Smith. When I got into the building, which was shared with another concern, I approached a room in which sat a man with dark glasses on and asked, "Is this the Ways and Means Company?" He replied, "Yes, come in. More ways than means." For many years Mr. Smith, a blind man himself, worked 50 or more blind people making brooms and novelties. He used thread, and jobbed thread as well as his manufactured products all over the United States. His secretary kept the records in braille and the only one who could see was the receiving and shipping clerk. Mr. Smith, one of the finest men I have ever met, has done much for blind people, including a real estate development for the benefit of the blind in that area.

Once when I spoke of his affliction he said, "Mr. Thornburg, sympathize with yourself, for you have to see some things that I don't," and he chuckled heartily. The magazine *Nations Business* wrote of him as the South's most outstanding blind man. When Mr. Smith retired from the jobbing and manufacturing business, he turned it over to his nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cook, but kept an interest in the business. He has formed a Foundation with offices in the Masonic building on Broad Street in Augusta, Georgia, and is making a substantial contribution to the blind in Georgia and South Carolina.

Funny Sayings

I always enjoy good humor in people, and like to remember sayings of comic characters.

The first of these is Everett True. He asked his office boy to find him some information on a certain subject so the office boy went all through the office and gathered an armful of papers and piled them on Mr. True's desk and said, "I found some data here, some data there and some more data over there." Mr. True, disgusted as usual, took his umbrella from the waste basket and as he came down over the boy's head with it, exclaimed, "Data boy."

"Hambone" is a very interesting character appearing in the *Columbia State* and other dailies. He usually comes up with some pretty good philosophy. Once he said he was "having an awfully hard time making ends meet but if he ever got them to meet again, he was gwine to tie 'em."

Charlie McCarthy said he came from a line of long livers. He said, for instance, his aunt died at 102 years of age—but the baby lived.

My wife and I have been on a diet recently, so after having hot tea for lunch and dinner for several months she remarked, "It looks like we are real tea totalers!"

The poet Coleridge when asked if he believed in ghosts replied, "No, I've seen too many of them."

A sales promotional office in New York City has this sign posted: "Samson slew 10,000 Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass. Every day as many sales are killed with the same weapon."

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Dr. J. H. Henderlite, former pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Gastonia, N. C., had a high sense of humor. When making a patriotic speech, he said it was the Pilgrim mothers who really had his sympathy as they had not only the hardships of the country but also the Pilgrim fathers to put up with.

After performing a wedding ceremony on one occasion, as he approached the bride in the receiving line he said he believed it was kisstomary to cuss the bride.

While I was presiding as president of the 8th District Baptist Brotherhood Convention in Hickory, N. C. Horace Easom, Executive Secretary, presented Keener Pharr, Minister of Religious Education from the First Baptist Church, Charlotte, by referring to Mr. Pharr's bald head. Mr. Pharr responded by saying that when God made man he tried to be fair—to those He gave brains He did not give hair.

Sabbath Observance

My father and mother were easy-going in some respects, and they were not perfect, but on one point they never wavered and that was as regards strict Sabbath observance—sometimes quoting, “Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy.” Later in life I never could or wanted to get away from this. Shortly after I went to Atlanta, in 1910, I was serving as superintendent of the First Baptist Sunday School in the suburban town of Hapeville and was also president of the Atlanta City Baptist Young Peoples Union. I remember apologizing to my boss, Mr. Baynard Willingham, for leaving on my vacation on

a Sunday train. He replied, "Miles, you go ahead. Anyone who gives as much time as you do to religious work will not offend the Lord by riding on a Sunday train to see your mother."

In this connection I recall a story I heard about that time of the Methodist Conference being held in South Georgia. Mr. Asa Candler, the Coca-Cola king, who was a very religious man, had gone on Saturday to attend the Conference. They put him on a committee to meet his cousin, Bishop Candler, and the great evangelist, Sam Jones, at the railway station on Sunday. When they got off the train, Mr. Asa Candler said, "Boys, I am glad to see you but sorry you came down on a Sunday train." Sam Jones always had a good reply for every criticism: "Asa, you know my style. When the devil comes my way I always ride him."

I remember apologizing once to my neighbor, Mrs. Tatlock, a lovely English lady, for bringing her vegetables from the country on Sunday, and she replied, "Forget it. The better the day the better the deed." The Lord taught to do good on the Sabbath and I think the poet expressed it very well when he wrote:

A Sabbath well spent,
Brings a week of content,
And joy for the toil of tomorrow.
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever may be gained,
Is a sure forerunner for sorrow.

If there is any one thing in my life that I am sorry for more than anything else it is my failure or inability to see the good

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in some people. I realize that in many cases there are extenuating circumstances that are not fully understood and appreciated. Someone has very truthfully said: "There is so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

CHAPTER V

THE MOUNTAINS BREED MEN

About twenty-five years ago while attending the Baptist Assembly at Ridgecrest, North Carolina, 15 miles east of Asheville, we purchased a building lot. A few years later we traded it in on a house. We spend most all our spare time during the summer, spring, and fall at this place.

We love house comforts and conveniences so we have our mountain home well equipped with comfortable, inexpensive furniture. There are inner-spring mattresses, an automatic water heater, electric refrigerator, electric stove, etc. Our theory has always been that if we cannot be as comfortable as we are at home, then we had rather be at home.

We love to sit on the front porch of our cottage at Ridgecrest and look at Rattlesnake Mountain only a mile or two to the west. This beautiful mountain is so named because of its abundance of rattlers. Some very large ones have been killed, but it is very rare that one is found near the base of the mountain. Just across Rattlesnake Mountain is the Presbyterian Assembly known as Montreat. Both the Presbyterian and Baptist summer assemblies are within two miles of the town of Black Mountain. We love to motor through these Blue Ridge Mountains in the summer. The mountains are

cool and beautiful with panoramas of laurel, rhododendron, wild azaleas and many other mountain flowers. God has blessed these wild acres with blackberries and blueberries which have an unusually nice flavor. Also, the mountain apples and grapes are the best to be had. Even the water is better there than any other place. At Ridgecrest, our water comes from the top of Kitasuma Mountain and is only a few degrees above freezing. In the summer, you do not need ice water as your water is cool enough from the spigot. Even during the dry summers of 1953 and 1954 our water supply was abundant.

Once while on the way to the West Coast we passed several large gold mines and refineries in the western Rockies. We stopped at one of these gold mines and were shown around the plant. They were real nice to us, but much to my sorrow their courtesies did not include samples of their product.

The lowlands, plains, flat country and seashore interest me but I am partial to the mountains. Mountains are restful and awe inspiring. The Good Lord did not overlook anything in forming this beautiful world of ours but I think He gave special attention to the mountains.

How and when the mountains were formed has been a subject of much speculation. We usually think of a mountain as a high peak standing out above the surrounding country. This is true in case of the smaller mountains such as Kings Mountain, Crowders Mountain and Spencer Mountain in the vicinity of Gastonia, but the biggest mountains are usually high points of great and long ranges. Grandfather Mountain and Mount Mitchell in the North Carolina Blue Ridge

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Mountains, Pikes Peak in the eastern Rockies, and Mount Whitney, which is a part of the Sierra Nevada range in south-eastern California, are of this type.

As I crossed Death Valley about 100 miles south of Mount Whitney, I could see it faintly in the distance. This highest peak in the United States towers 14,496 feet above sea level, but even so, is small compared to Mount Everest's 29,002 feet.

Geologists say that mountains are formed by pressure from beneath, with valleys or canyons being made by rapid water currents. As I recall Dr. M. E. Dodd, for many years pastor of the great First Baptist Church of Shreveport, Louisiana, once stated that the mountains were formed or at least greatly changed when Lucifer, the rebellious angel, was cast out of Heaven. The Bible indicates in Isaiah 14:12-16, that this caused a great upheaval in the earth.

Cities are not usually built on mountains but there are a few exceptions to this rule. Monterey, Mexico, a beautiful city of about three hundred thousand inhabitants, is located on the top of a high mountain. I drove up this mountain one night during a fierce storm on the way from Laredo, Texas. The lightning was playing all over the mountain and something I did not understand was that the streaks of lightning were horizontal rather than perpendicular.

During this trip, something happened the day we returned to Laredo, that concerned us very much. When we reached Texas we read in the newspaper that robbers held up North Carolina's Senator Robert Reynolds in his trailer, on the same road we traveled, and robbed him of money and other things. I also read that the Mexican government rounded up

the robbers, obtained confessions, and shot them at sunrise.

Maybe we could learn a lesson from Mexico with regard to bank robbers. I believe that something more effective than our present methods should be tried. Armed robbery is a terrible practice and one to which quick and severe punishment should be applied.

La Paz, Bolivia, is the highest capital in the world. The elevation is more than 12,000 feet and although it is a tropical country, the nights are so cold in La Paz that sometimes overcoats are worn.

I have been especially interested in Bolivia, because my cousin, Dr. Roland Egger, of the University of Virginia, and an executive of the Ford Foundation, was advisor to the president of Bolivia during World War II.

Every time I go down Marietta Street in Atlanta, I admire the huge statue of the great Henry Grady, a product of the north Georgia mountains. The story is told of how humble Mr. Grady was when he had achieved fame. He was a great lawyer, jurist and statesman, but one day he remembered his mother, and realizing he owed so much to her and wanting to stay humble and worthy he went home for a few days vacation and asked her to say the same prayer she used to say for him and tuck him away in his bed as she used to do. It takes a big man to do that.

I also recall an outstanding lawyer-preacher, Dr. Caleb Ridley, of Atlanta. He was born and reared in the north Georgia mountains. Dr. Ridley's mother was an Indian and I heard Dr. Ridley in 1914, tell about her only visit to Atlanta. He said he begged her to come to visit him and sent her a

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railway ticket. He wanted her to stay a long time but after a week or two she became very homesick and he had to put her on the train for the return to her mountain home. He said he put her on the train and pushed back the old slat-bonnet and kissed her. Then he went to the top of the stairway overlooking the great Atlanta Terminal sheds as her train pulled out. To use his own words: "I found myself a-crying—I was a-crying for my Ma."

I suppose most every one in the South has heard of Dr. Pierce Harris, pastor of the great First Methodist Church of Atlanta. He is a product of the hills. He is one of the South's most outstanding preachers—in fact, I doubt if there is another preacher in the country more popular as an after-dinner speaker. Mrs. Thornburg and I had frequently heard of this man but when he was to speak in our town or vicinity, we were always away. So while in Atlanta recently we went on Sunday night to hear him and the great organ which is one of the South's largest and best. He spoke that night on Christian Education. A large crowd of students from Georgia Tech and the many other Atlanta colleges was present.

He told about a mountaineer who brought his son down to enter Young-Harris College. The old mountaineer asked the president what he proposed to teach him. The college president, realizing he wanted a specific answer, told the old man he would teach him arithmetic, algebra and trigonometry. The mountaineer asked what that last name was. When the president repeated "trigonometry," the mountaineer said, "That's it—give him plenty of that for he's the poorest shot in our family."

Before we leave the Peach State or Cracker State I think we should mention Dr. Crawford Long and Ty Cobb, both of whom came from the hills of north Georgia. Dr. Long was from Danielsville and Mr. Cobb from Royston. Dr. Long, of course, was the discoverer of anesthesia and the great Crawford Long Memorial Hospital, in the heart of Atlanta, has been erected to his memory.

Ty Cobb, of course, was the famous baseball player and recently gave to the town of Royston, Georgia the beautiful Ty Cobb Memorial Hospital.

Before closing this chapter, I must refer to the great preacher of Western North Carolina, Dr. George W. Truett. We have visited his birthplace at Hayesville, North Carolina several times. Our good friend, Mr. John Carrier, formerly of Gastonia, now runs a big hickory broom splint factory in this town and he and his wife live at Andrews, North Carolina, nearby where Mrs. Carrier teaches music.

About the year 1870 a "protracted meeting" was held in Hayesville. During the meeting a small boy by the name of George Truett went forward and made a profession and joined the church. He was the only convert in the meeting and hence it was considered a failure. This boy's parents were very religious and his mother had a spot at the spring by the foot of the mountain where she went daily to pray. The boy grew up, attended high school and college and then founded a school and taught at Hiwassee, North Carolina.

He attended the seminary and became a great preacher. Early in his ministry he went to Texas and helped to build

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Baylor University at Waco and the Baptist Memorial Hospital at Dallas, both of which are memorials to him. His greatest work was as pastor of what must certainly be one of the world's largest churches — the First Baptist Church of Dallas, with 12,000 members. Before Dr. Truett passed away a few years ago, he saw his church grow to approximately 10,000 members with 7,000 to 8,000 regularly in attendance at the Sabbath school. The educational plant covers a city block and is eight stories high. Dr. Truett was a very popular speaker and spoke throughout the United States and foreign countries. He was pastor of the First Baptist Church at Dallas for nearly fifty years and also served as president of the Southern Baptist Convention and the Baptist World Alliance.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEGRO AND THE SOUTH

There is no way of knowing what the situation on "segregation" will be eventually, or even when this book is published, but at present there is a great deal being written on the subject and unfortunately too much of it is for the sake of making a glamorous story rather than a correct presentation of facts.

In 1915 while living in Atlanta, I heard Dr. Booker T. Washington, then president of Tuskegee College. He was invited to speak there at a great symposium composed of leaders from religious, educational and industrial circles throughout the country. Dr. Washington was a very learned Christian gentleman and his words were well chosen and well received. He said his problems were not with the good white people, as they were most generous and kind to him, but with some of his own race and outsiders who did not understand the situation in the South. He said when he went to Tuskegee he had to straighten out some things with some members of his faculty from the North who did not understand the relationship between the white and colored people in the South. He said he told his faculty and the student body they must

understand and appreciate the fact that what they had, whatever progress they had made and hoped to make in the future, had not, and would not, come from the government or from people in other sections of the country, but from the good white people in the South who really have their best interests at heart. He said he told them that, furthermore, the gifts and help from the white people in the South would be in proportion to their humility, their faithfulness and their willingness to prove themselves worthy. The colored people in the big audience applauded Dr. Washington's remarks as vigorously as the white folks did.

In 1918, I was having dinner one evening with a group of officers from my army outfit in New York City. The matter of the white and colored people was mentioned and Lieutenant Whalen from Boston, who was always one of the broadest-minded Yankees I have ever known, spoke up and said, "My hat's off to the white people in the South. I have visited in the South and I know the situation. I will not say 'their problem,' as they have none. The white people and the Negroes in the South get along better than any folks I know, and I only wish that my neighbors and I in Boston, and particularly the white people and the colored people in other sections of the country, got along as peacefully as they do in the South." He went on to say that if the South were left alone, they would continue to advance the colored people as rapidly as the colored people were capable of moving. He said he based his remarks on what he had seen and heard in the South and especially on the fact that the South was the most Anglo-Saxon section of the country, and being predom-

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inantly Christian, would settle their problems as they arose, in the Christian spirit. He stated further that it was just as wrong for other sections of the country to interfere, or for the federal government to legislate against states' rights and sectional situations as it was for a distant neighbor or for society as a whole to come into a domestic situation where their real interest and knowledge was limited and their services were not needed or appreciated. His idea, of course, was that a household must necessarily "set its own house in order."

What Lieutenant Whalen evidently had in mind was that the South, possessing the knowledge, and being predominantly Christian, could and would handle its problems much better than could any one else, notwithstanding the opinions of the Supreme Court to the contrary.

Of course, some mistakes have been made by both races on the subject, but in all large bodies there is always a small minority who allow themselves to do or say indiscreet things. This has happened in both the North and the South and if one in some isolated case has been the "pot" then the other has been the "kettle."

Governor Griffin's action in Georgia, in proposing to disallow Georgia Tech to play Pittsburgh a game of football because the Pittsburgh team was not segregated, backfired on him. However, I think it should be pointed out that it was not so much a matter of a colored person being on the Pittsburgh team as the possibility of some accident happening to the colored boy or to one of his white opponents that might cause ill feeling and result in criticism, in the mind of Governor Griffin. I was in Georgia at that time and I got the

impression that the governor was ill-advised, and when he saw that sentiment was strongly against his position, he reversed his decision in the matter.

Of course, precious few people in the South feel that schools and churches should be non-segregated. The Negroes do not want it any more than the white people. A leading colored Methodist Bishop recently so expressed himself on the subject.

Dr. Billy Graham states that his recent integrated meetings in the United States were attended by only about ten percent as many Negroes as former segregated meetings. When he made inquiry among the Negroes as to the reason, they stated they did not feel comfortable sitting with the white people and much preferred to sit separately.

I recall several years ago, I was invited to speak to a convention of colored people at the A. M. E. Zion Methodist Church in Gastonia. When presented by the pastor, I addressed him as Pastor. Then I addressed Mac Longshore as Chairman, and then I looked down to a very elderly and beloved colored man who had served one of the leading banks in Gastonia for almost half a century, and addressed him as "Uncle John Good." The large congregation of colored people laughed heartily and expressed their appreciation by saying, "Amen." From that point on I had the rapt attention of all. The point is, the colored people in the South are not mistreated, but protected and encouraged. They appreciate their white friends, who, they feel, have their interests at heart, and respond in kind.

In concluding this chapter on the white and colored peo-

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ple, I wish to relate two things that recently happened in Gastonia and Charlotte that illustrate quite well how the races get along in the South when they are not wrongfully and unduly advised and influenced by outside forces.

When the Union National Bank of Charlotte "broke dirt" for the erection of a large building, it was not the bank president, chairman of the board of directors, or any other noted official or person, but the old colored janitor who had served the bank for a long span of years, who was awarded the honor of shoveling the first spade of dirt.

Several years ago, a fine, cultured, and refined Gastonia colored woman whose name is well and favorably known in Gastonia, was called upon by two strange men who "wanted to sell her books." They spoke to her of how "the colored people were mistreated," as they put it, in Gastonia. She soon discovered they had a sinister motive, so she opened the door and respectfully asked them to withdraw. As they left, she told them she did not wish to be disrespectful, but that she suspected their motives and that if the different races and colors got along in other sections of the country and the world as well as the good white people and the colored people did in the South, that everybody could be happy.

The writer has lived in the North and also traveled extensively through the North on various occasions during the past forty years, and can say that the situation with reference to white people and Negroes is entirely different in the North and South; hence, cannot be treated the same. A large percentage of the population in the South is colored. They were brought from slavery to free citizenship. Before the Civil War

the South had already freed a large number of slaves and had, in effect, a program for gradually freeing the others; hence, this was not the issue in the War Between the States.

As free citizens, Negroes have been encouraged and helped to acquire property. Churches and schools have been built for them by the white people. The schools compare favorably with those for white people, and, in many instances, are superior; as they are new with modern facilities. Mr. Harri-man, and others who refer to the colored people in the South as down-trodden and ill-treated are greatly mistaken. Go into almost any colored community in the South and they will tell you that the white people are their best friends. This friendship stems from the Christian principle in which the South excels, the spirit of which is voluntary and can never be legislated.

Mixed churches and schools for white and colored in the South are definitely against the tradition and desire of both races. The writer, therefore, feels that the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 was untimely, uncalled for, unnecessary and unfortunate and will hurt rather than help conditions, if it is not repealed. In fact, I believe that any fairminded citizen, among either or both races in the South, will tell you that its effects have been detrimental to both races by disturbing the fine relationship that has heretofore obtained. For instance, a pastor of one of the largest white churches, whose name is well and most favorably known in North Carolina, recently said to me that in his opinion the Supreme Court decision had set back the fine relations between the races in the South fifty years. Many have asked why the Supreme Court handed

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down this unfortunate decision. Well, your guess may be as good as mine, but in the first place, I feel safe in saying that the court did not realize that its decision was so far-reaching and in the wrong direction.

I feel, also, that they took too seriously the pressure from a few ill-informed and insincere radical groups, and did not realize the decision would bring about such serious and unpleasant repercussions.

In 1957 *The Gastonia Gazette* published an article written by David Lee, Negro publisher of Newark, New Jersey, which sets forth the cordial relation existing between the white and colored people in the South as follows:

“Writers from throughout the world have visited the South during the last 12 months to get a close-up glimpse of the so-called race issue. The large publications in our country have sent their best staff reporters into the various Southern states, but not one writer has gone to the core of this issue, and presented a truthful, factual, intelligent analysis.

“Practically every article has dealt with the social aspect, the feelings and reactions of Negro and white people of the region covered. The mixing of races or resistance to it, has been the dominant theme.

“There is more to the Negro and white relationship in the South than Jim Crowism, than political and social equality or the mixing of Negro and white kids in the same classroom. Nothing has been said about the economic opportunities that Negroes enjoy, or the businesses which they own, the security which they enjoy, the desire on the part of most Southerners to help worthy and enterprising Negroes to get ahead.

"No one seems to be concerned about the best in the South, but only with the worst. Not one writer has come up with the fact that a Negro is a clerk in a white drug store in Rosedale, Mississippi, and that two Negro sharecroppers have \$10,000 each on deposit at the Valley Bank in Rosedale.

"None have pointed out that Negro mechanics work at the Ford and Buick garages in Cleveland, Mississippi, and enjoy the same privileges and pay scale of white employees.

"Or that Negro customers completely take over the two banks in Port Gibson, Mississippi, and get more courteous consideration than do the white customers.

"Not one writer has pointed out that Mississippi has thousands of top notch Negro businesses, and that Negro progress is keeping pace with that in other states.

"None have pointed out that the Negro-owned Safe Bus Company in Winston-Salem, N. C., is the largest Negro bus company in the world; that Negroes in North Carolina own 700,000 acres of farm land and that there are more Negro farmers in the state than any other state in the nation.

"North Carolina is the only state in the nation that employs Negro specialists in agriculture extension work. There is a state staff of 16. There are 49 county agents, 22 assistant agents, and 51 home agents with 10 assistants. That in the state there are 41 farm managers who manage farms for white owners.

"A lot has been written about integration in the schools of the state. However, the fact that the Negro schools, in most instances are better than the white, has not been mentioned, or that Negro teachers receive higher pay than white teachers.

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“For instance, in Warrenton, North Carolina, John Graham, the white high school principal, gets \$5,500 a year. John Hawkins, the Negro high school principal, gets \$7,085 a year. In the county are 66 white teachers who draw an average of \$351.43 per month. There are 149 Negro teachers who draw an average of \$352.25 per month.

“The Negro in North Carolina eats better, dresses better, lives better and enjoys more individual respect from white people than does his Northern, Eastern and Western counterpart.

“Much is being written at present about civil rights legislation and opposition to its passage by Southerners in the House and Senate. Those not familiar with the facts will get the impression that the Southern bloc is against the Negro. Nothing is farther from the truth. These Southerners have done more, and will do more for the Negro than will those from other sections.

“For instance, Congressman Boykin of Alabama sent a Negro to law school, so has Congressman L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina. Congressman Pilcher of Georgia spent over \$6,000 in cash to defend Lt. Saunders, a Negro youth from his home town. Senator Talmadge has Negroes running his farm and so has Senator Eastland.

“There is not one Southerner in Congress who was not either nursed by a Negro or who has Negro servants back home. The so-called civil rights advocates cannot lay claim to the above facts. And all of them combined have not done as much for the Negro as has anyone mentioned here.

“The intelligent Southern Negro is not concerned about

what Southerners say against him, he is concerned what they do for him, and what they do speaks louder than what they say.

“The South abounds in stories of Negro success and progress, and in every story white people have made a substantial contribution, and those writers who invaded the South for the real story, missed it by a wide margin. For every instance of injustice, exploitation and denial of constitutional guarantees, they could have found ten of opportunity and progress. They could have placed the facts in focus so that the world could have received a clear picture of conditions. What an opportunity they missed.”

CHAPTER VII

WE TOUR THE SOUTHWEST

Friday morning, June 29, 1956, Mrs. Thornburg (Lou) and I left our home in Gastonia, for a three-week vacation in the Southwest. I have been through this country many times on my business travels but had not been west of the Mississippi River for several years and was anxious to see this country again and also to have my wife with me as she had never been farther west than Alabama. We first went to Atlanta, Georgia and spent the week-end.

On Monday we left for New Orleans via Montgomery and Mobile. We stopped at the old State Capitol in Montgomery. This building, which is now the Alabama State Capitol, served as the first capitol of the Confederacy. The building is spacious, well built, and has been well preserved. Its beautiful winding staircases and chambers make it one of the showplaces in the South. Alabama is a very beautiful state and many of its towns and rivers are Indian names such as Opelika, Tuskegee, Eufaula, Tuscaloosa, Tombigbee, Chattahoochee, Coosa, and Tallapoosa. In fact, Alabama is an Indian word meaning, "Here we rest."

We arrived in Mobile late in the afternoon and spent the night at the Cawthon Hotel. We arrived at New Orleans at

noon July 3, 1956 and after checking in at the famous old Monteleon Hotel in the heart of the Vieux Carre, we went to the Gumbo Shop on St. Peter Street for a fish gumbo lunch. In the afternoon we saw what I consider the three most interesting things outside of the French Quarter, for less than one dollar. We took a street car ride down Canal Street to Lake Pontchartrain and back. This is one of the widest and most glamorous streets in all the world—four street car tracks in the center, four car lanes on each side and a very wide sidewalk on each side. Street car and bus rides are only seven cents each and ferry rides five cents each, so you can still buy a “big package” in New Orleans for a nickel.

We then took the ferry across the “old Mississippi” to Gretna. This gives you a view of the docks and steamers, and also a good view of the New Orleans skyline. On our return to Canal Street we caught a bus to Audubon Park. This is one of the largest, most famous and interesting parks in America and named, of course, for America’s foremost ornithologist, John James Audubon. One could spend a whole day in this immense park and then not see all the birds and animals.

It would be impossible to mention here all the points of interest in New Orleans, such as St. Louis Cathedral, Jackson Square, The Cabildo, Old French Market, etc. In fact, the Tourist Association lists 125 major points of interest. Of course, we had dinner at Antoine’s and breakfast at Brennan’s. To illustrate just one of New Orleans’ major industries, I might mention that sixty steamship companies operate from there. New Orleans advertises itself as “America’s most

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interesting city." Millions of Americans find that the claim is well founded.

We left New Orleans over the beautiful lake route No. 61 for Baton Rouge. There we visited the spot in the lobby of the skyscraper Capitol where the famous Huey Long was slain. We also visited the Louisiana State University of which our pastor, Dr. V. Ward Barr, is an alumnus.

From Baton Rouge we traveled west through the beautiful Evangeline Country via St. Charles, Louisiana, to Galveston, Texas. The approach from Orange, Texas to Galveston is very interesting as you drive in on the ferry about five miles north of Galveston, and land near the beach. In fact, the beach and city of Galveston are near together, as the island is only about one mile wide but thirty miles long. Some of the old residents there still remember the great flood of 1900 when 5,000 people and many thousands of cattle and stock, etc. were swept into the Galveston Bay by a 120 mile-an-hour hurricane from the Gulf. This was one of the greatest disasters in our history. Later the federal government built a concrete wall 17 feet high, 16 feet thick and seven and a half miles long. They then pumped in 20 million tons of sand from the sea and elevated the city about 15 feet, thereby making one of the finest beaches and harbors in America.

We stayed at the big Buccaneer Hotel on the beach and took a swim in the Gulf while the fish serenaded us by coming out in large numbers and size and jumping five or six feet out of the water. We had never seen the fish play like this before—and this is not a "fish story."

The next day we drove by way of Corpus Christi to Laredo

on the Mexican border. Corpus Christi is a beautiful city of about 150,000 people and the home of the Howard Butt Grocery Company which has dozens of large warehouses and about one hundred large supermarkets and dominates the wholesale and retail grocery business in south Texas. Mrs. Thornburg and I had a most pleasant visit with Howard Butt, Jr., who is an international figure in the religious world as he, like Mr. R. G. LeTourneau, flies all over the United States and foreign countries and speaks to large groups. At the request of Dr. Billy Graham, he flew to Scotland in 1955 and spent several weeks with him on the speaking tour through that country after the big Graham crusade in London. I asked him how he could spend so much time away from his business and he replied: "Well God is our partner and I consult with Him about every trip and if He wants me to go surely He will look after the business while I am away."

At Laredo we went across the border for dinner at the Cadillac Cafe in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. On my first visit across the border about 25 years ago these border towns were small and resembled the towns of the old Wild West. In fact, someone has said that in those days everything across the border was "F.O.B.—flies on bread and flies on butter." Today Nuevo Laredo and Laredo have each about 75,000 people, and even in Laredo, about 75 percent are Mexican. This percentage holds in San Antonio and all south Texas. No wonder Santa Anna tried so hard to hold on to this country!

From Laredo we went to San Antonio, where we spent the week end with my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Egger. Mr. Egger is head of the Egger Grocery Company, a brokerage

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concern. Our cousins took us to "La Fonda"—an eating-place where Mexican food is at its best. Among the points of interest they took us to see was the famous Sunken Gardens, in Breckenridge Park. It is wonderful to stand on the top and look into this Sunken Garden at night with the spraying fountains streaming amid the banks and islands of flowers and shrubbery. We also went to Las Vegas Village which is a replica of the original San Antonio where thousands of young Mexican girls and boys dressed in their traditional beautiful costumes were celebrating a fiesta.

Then, of course, we went to the Alamo where we gained a new and more profound impression of Davey Crockett—"king of the wild frontier." He is featured in the Alamo and greatly beloved by Texans and this means the Mexicans as well, as they are proud to be American citizens. After all they are as much American as we are, and they have lived longer in Texas.

From there we took a walking tour on the banks of the beautiful San Antonio River which runs through the heart of the city. It is completely decorated and landscaped from the street to the water's edge. This river rises just a few miles north of the city and emerges as a huge body of clear water out of a rock somewhat like Silver Springs at Ocala, Florida.

As we left the beautiful city, now more than 500,000 in population, we found ourselves humming the song "San Antonio."

On our way north we stopped at Austin, the capital, to see the beautiful University Presbyterian Church where our good friend Dr. Moffett, present pastor of First Presbyterian

Church at Gastonia, formerly served as pastor. We bypassed Waco and Temple but we could see the skylines in the distance. As we passed the little city of Temple we remembered that President Theodore Roosevelt's train, while on an accelerated itinerary through Texas, was stopped there. Teddy was irritated but when he rushed to the platform he was advised by the mayor that it was according to a city law. Thereupon President Roosevelt, in his good natured style, addressed the large crowd and thanked them for the splendid reception.

When we reached Dallas, we had a warm welcome. It was 110 degrees, the hottest for the season there since 1930. We tucked into an air conditioned hotel and after dinner at the Adolphus Hotel we attended church, it being Sunday evening. We, of course, went to the First Baptist Church, made famous by the 50 year ministry of the late Dr. George W. Truitt, as mentioned earlier. The church sanctuary, which holds approximately 5,000, was filled that Sunday night. Dr. Criswell, the pastor, said Christian people were sometimes criticized as being narrow, and he agreed that they were. Just as narrow as the First National Bank, because in exchange for a \$20.00 bill, they give only \$20.00 in change. Dr. Criswell said if the bank was narrow enough to hew to the line so should God's people.

Dallas is a city of about 600,000 population, and is more compact than Houston which has about one million and is the South's largest.

Monday morning we went to the beautiful Neiman Marcus store, mostly to see the oil millionaire's shop. Lou found one bargain which was a four dollar handkerchief reduced to two

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dollars, so she bought it. I think they might have left the original tag on as she was determined anyway to buy something at this beautiful store which outfits so many Hollywood stars.

Monday we drove to the famous old town of Sulphur Springs, Texas and had lunch at the Sellers Cafeteria which is a Duncan Hines-recommended place and serves delicious food. Early in the afternoon we arrived at the beautiful little city of Paris, just ten miles from the Oklahoma line. This was really our destination, as we had gone primarily to visit my beloved cousins, Mrs. Dora Egger and Mrs. Belle Hogan, in Paris. These precious girls, with Mrs. Hogan's children, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cass, showed us a fine time for four days. They took us into Oklahoma and 15 miles west of Paris to their big ranch to let the cattle see us. Which reminds me of the story of the Canadian who took his wife and 15 children down to Quebec to see the world's largest bull moose. When the manager saw his big family he returned his money and said, "just pass in free of charge for it is more important that the moose see your family than for you to see my show."

We left Texas through the oil fields around Kilgore and Longview and came to Shreveport, Louisiana, accompanied by Cousin Dora Egger. We spent a night with her son and my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Egger. Harmon is general superintendent of the United Gas & Pipe Line Company. He and his lovely wife, Viva, were wonderful hosts and entertained us royally with a big barbecue chicken dinner on the lawn in their landscaped garden which is one of the most beautiful we had ever seen.

From Shreveport we came by Monroe, Louisiana and had lunch at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and on to Meridian for the night where we had dinner at the Wildeman Restaurant. This too is a Duncan Hines recommended place and well deserves the recognition. This reminds me of a restaurant I heard of recently which carries a large sign reading "Not recommended by Duncan Hines." They have on the walls of the spacious dining rooms the pictures of famous people who have eaten there during the past one hundred years. The next day we traveled to Tuscaloosa, Birmingham and Chattanooga and spent the night at the Cherokee Hotel in Cleveland, Tennessee. This town is the home of the Hardwick Woolen Mills, which is one of the largest in the world.

From this point we went to Knoxville, Tennessee, where we had lunch with my niece, Mrs. Harry Carswell. Her husband, Rev. Harry Carswell, is assistant pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church in Knoxville. In the afternoon we drove through Asheville to our summer home at Ridgecrest, North Carolina, and spent the night with our grandchildren, Emily and Andy, and Mr. and Mrs. John Romanstine, who were spending their vacation there.

As we approached our home the next day we realized why home is mentioned and discussed about twenty-five times in the Bible. Heaven is referred to about fifty times in the Bible so you see home is the next best place.

On the trip we traveled 3,500 miles through ten different states. The combined population of the cities we visited is about ten million and the population of the area we circled on the trip is about thirty-five million. One thousand miles of

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the distance traveled was in Texas but, of course, Texas is a big state. It will take you as long to travel across some Texas counties as it will to travel across some of the states.

All the states in the Union are fine and each has something for which its people are proud, but, of course, we are partial to our own—"The Old North State"—North Carolina, and so as we re-entered her, we found ourselves singing:

"Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her,

While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her."

CHAPTER VIII

RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLIES

This chapter is devoted to Western North Carolina Religious Assemblies because those who have visited or attended any of these assemblies will be interested, and those who have not, will find it to be informational, and I trust, interesting also. Among the noteworthy things in North Carolina are these delightful and inspiring assemblies.

The Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly, where I have a summer home, is located two miles east of Black Mountain, and is open during June, July, and August. In these three months about 35,000 delegates representing several thousand churches in the Southern Baptist Convention attend conferences and inspiring programs on Sunday Schools and the various other auxiliaries of the Baptist denomination, in weekly or bi-weekly relays. There is also a boys camp and a girls camp here.

The purpose of the assemblies is to inform and inspire members in church activities — sponsoring as they do the whole work of the church. They are held in summer, since this is the vacation season, and in the mountains, because it is so delightfully cool. In the mountains of western North

Carolina you usually have to sleep under a sheet, a spread and a blanket during the summer months. This, of course, contributes to sound sleep and a good appetite. Ridgecrest has a population of about 1,000 during the winter months but during the summer or assembly season is a thriving center of about 5,000. Not only are approximately 3,000 delegates to the various assembly conferences there, but many Baptists with summer homes there, spend the summer.

Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly is over fifty years old. It started in a very small way but has grown tremendously in size and popularity. The story is told of one of the first meetings there, attended by a few delegates and held in a small brush arbor. Dr. Bernard Spillman, one of the pioneers of Sunday School work in the South was the speaker. A Dr. Jones, chairman of the meeting, very elaborately introduced Dr. Spillman, who was a large man weighing almost 300 pounds. He had bowed and concluded, "I present to you the great Dr. Spillman." As Dr. Spillman mounted the improvised platform it collapsed and Dr. Spillman came rolling down like a barrel. He picked himself up with considerable embarrassment to all and said, "Thanks Dr. Jones, but if you had not built me up so high, I would not have fallen so low."

The Southern Presbyterian Assembly known as Montreat is also located two miles from Black Mountain, but to the north. For more than half a century Montreat has been the Mecca of the Presbyterians. It is one of the most beautiful places in Western North Carolina and is surrounded by mountains—being only ten miles from Mount Mitchell, the

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highest peak east of the Rockies. Through the center of the grounds runs a beautiful stream of cold, clear water with many rock shoals and between these many small lakes of clear water with solid granite bottoms. In the center of the grounds there is a beautiful lake with a boat house and other facilities for water recreation.

The buildings at Montreat are very solid — being constructed of native stone. The large central hotel is one of the finest and most comfortable in the South. It is open the year round and serves delicious meals in the spacious dining room.

The many other large buildings, including the circular auditorium, are constructed of stone, and during the fall, winter, and spring, are occupied by Montreat College. There are several hundred lovely homes and cottages, for on the grounds many Presbyterians from all over the South spend the summer. One of the most beautiful of these homes is occupied by Dr. Billy Graham and his family as their permanent home.

The program at Montreat is somewhat similar to the Ridgecrest and other Religious Assembly programs, and is attended by thousands of Presbyterian leaders during June, July, and August.

The town of Black Mountain has for about one hundred years been known as a summer resort. It is ideally located, having good railroad and highway facilities and being only fourteen miles from Asheville and ten miles from the Blue Ridge Parkway. Of course, it is delightfully cool all summer and entirely “off bounds” for mosquitoes or other pests.

Among the early settlers were the Count and Countess Gustavenny of France, who came to America about the middle of the nineteenth century. Mr. Gustavenny was an architect and designed the original Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City and other important buildings in this country. During the latter part of the century he retired and built a castle at the edge of Black Mountain. The Christian denomination bought this old castle several years ago and added other buildings and now use it as their summer assembly. The Blue Ridge YMCA Assembly is also located two miles southwest of the town.

The Blue Ridge Assembly is open all summer for YMCA conferences, industrial conferences, public relations, and other conferences. Plans are now underway to rebuild the large center building here at a cost of more than a half million dollars.

Black Mountain is thus surrounded by four large Assemblies, namely, Ridgecrest Baptist, Montreat Presbyterian, the Christian, and the YMCA.

My interest in these assemblies has become more intensified through recent years by the fact that I have a cottage at Ridgecrest. I purchased and remodeled an old house built, I am told, by the parents of the famous missionaries to China, Wade and Attie Bostic, about 60 years ago. There are, on the place, two large apple trees about that age. One is an "early harvest apple" and the other a "late harvest apple," hence the two supply apples from June to November and "believe it or not" at 60 years of age they still produce about fifteen bushels per tree each year.

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To any one desiring complete rest, I heartily recommend the Black Mountain community, for I know from experience that it is possible and in fact delightful to "sleep around the clock" there.

The Junaluska Methodist Conference is located at Lake Junaluska about 15 miles west of Asheville and near the towns of Canton and Waynesville. This location in some respects excels any of the Western North Carolina Assemblies. It is located on top of a small table mountain and surrounded by larger ones.

The principal buildings are built around Lake Junaluska which is very large and most beautiful. This large assembly is attended by thousands of Methodists each summer and an informative and inspirational program under the direction of the Methodist Church leaders is featured. Many members of the great church body have summer homes there and quite a few retired Methodist ministers live there the year round.

The World Methodist Conference was held at Junaluska the last week in August and the first week in September, 1956, and was attended by delegates and representatives from approximately forty nations.

Hendersonville, North Carolina, 25 miles south of Asheville on Route 25, is also quite a summer resort and a center for several religious assemblies. It might be said that Hendersonville is in the summer what St. Petersburg, Florida, is in the winter. In fact, quite a few people spend their summers in Hendersonville and winters in Florida. The main street in the heart of the city is wide and very shady with many comfortable benches for the benefit of guests. During the sum-

mer, hundreds of people can be seen seated on these benches on Main Street every day and evening.

There are four religious assemblies within a few miles of Hendersonville.

Kanuga, the Episcopal Assembly, is located five miles from Hendersonville and is owned by the Dioceses of North Carolina and South Carolina. Kanuga is the largest Episcopal Summer Conference in the United States and draws delegates from twenty-five Dioceses in various other states. Adult and youth conferences are held here each summer and there also are camps for boys and girls.

When you say Bon Clarken the hats of all Associated Reformed Presbyterians are off. This assembly is located at Flat Rock, North Carolina, a few miles from Hendersonville, and conducts conferences and programs for adults and young people during July and August. The season here is opened early in June with the several Synod Conferences of the Southeast and followed by various other inspiring programs.

The North Carolina Baptists have a summer conference at Fruitland College campus a few miles from Hendersonville during June, July, and August, and also one at Fort Caswell on the ocean near Wilmington, North Carolina, with programs similar to those at Ridgecrest. These two small conferences are for North Carolina Baptists only, and accommodate several thousands from North Carolina churches who cannot attend the Ridgecrest General Conference.

The Lutheran Conference is located at Arden, North Carolina, which is only a few miles north of Hendersonville and is known by Lutherans as the Lutherage. My cousin, Dr.

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Lewis Thornburg, is the manager of this conference and in collaboration with other leaders of the Southeastern Lutherans, conducts conferences for adults and youths during the summer months. During one or two weeks the entire assembly is reserved for boy scouts. This conference, like several others, observes a special music week and ties in with the Transylvania Music Festival held at nearby Brevard each season.

CHAPTER IX

MY WORLD WAR I DIARY

The termites almost beat me to this chapter. I had some records packed in the bottom of my old World War steamer trunk and stored in the basement where some water ran in during a recent flood and wet the bottom of the trunk. In going through the trunk I found one rusty penny and my service records. I do not know which is most valuable, the penny or the file, but think it will be of interest to record here some events that the younger people do not know about and that the older ones have possibly forgotten.

Up until 1918 I had an exemption as accountant and assistant manager of the Piedmont Cotton Mills in Atlanta as our production was entirely army duck. Eventually, however, all exemptions were cancelled including that of President Wilson's private secretary, so I began to try to "break into the service." I went to the Federal Arsenal at Augusta and also to Camp Gordon near Atlanta but found no opening for volunteers. I then appealed to Mr. L. G. Whitney, chairman of the draft board in Atlanta, whom I knew personally and he assigned me to Georgia Tech where an officer's training school was being started.

On reporting to Georgia Tech I was sent to a company in

the Lowndes Building which was in charge of an old hard-boiled army officer by the name of Lieutenant Dawes. He was a relative of General Dawes. I asked the Lieutenant where my room was and he said, "Room, h---, you're in the army now. Go down to the big barn and get you a straw tick and fill it with straw and bring it up to the big hall in this building." I did not feel that I had a very cordial reception but it was my first lesson in getting tough.

The training here was rough and intense. After a few weeks I was advanced to Corporal in charge of the post flag, and barracks inspector. A few weeks later I was advanced to Sergeant and assigned to the office to help classify new recruits. The men came there from every walk of life, hence some did not fit into any particular class so the Lieutenant in charge told me to classify such as "C. of H." which he explained meant "care of horses" or "chamber maid in a livery stable."

Being an office man, I liked the office job pretty well but was fearful that I was missing too much outside activities so I was allowed to spend two hours in the morning drilling with my company, two hours in the afternoon studying airplane construction, and a course in French in the evening.

In the airplane class our teacher was Professor Hineka—better known as "Uncle Hiney." We noticed he had a huge dried lobster under glass high up on the wall. He would never tell us why it was there but kept emphasizing the importance of keeping our hands and our bodies clear of the band saws. Finally one day a boy got careless and cut off his finger, then the old professor rang the big bell and called us all together and explained that the lobster on the wall was

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the only animal that could grow another finger or limb if he lost one.

These were hectic days. We were having many casualties overseas and our drill work hours were long and arduous. It is almost unbelievable to see the difference in the Georgia Tech area today as compared with what it was during my enlistment there. We used to go over in the fields to the north of the campus and "take over trenches." What was then fields, woods and gullies is now Georgia Tech facilities such as the Tech Radio Station WGST building and the huge Tech-Wood development.

On the evening of August 7, 1918, the writer with four other members of a committee representing the Georgia Tech Training Detachment, arranged and held a farewell banquet honoring the officers and instructors at the Ansley Hotel.

The next morning before daylight we boarded a train for Camp Joseph E. Johnston near Jacksonville, Florida. We arrived at this camp at two o'clock in the morning and were thrown into what they called a "bull pen." I think the place was pretty well named as we were a crowd of young bullies. We could probably be compared very well to the lower section of a double boiler—shooting off a lot of steam, and not knowing what was cooking above. One thing we found out the next day, however, was that we were "busted." We were no longer Sergeants, for in order to qualify for the Officers Training School, we had to start from scratch or as "privates in the rear rank."

After a week or two drilling new recruits, I was called out

for Officers Training School, but here a terrible thing happened to me. They inadvertently transferred me into a company that was leaving for overseas. The captain would not make any effort to straighten out the mistake as they were sending him men from various outfits, hence he felt sure they wanted me to go with him. My records showed my assignment so I rushed out a back door and to headquarters where they corrected the matter and sent for my baggage.

The training school was rugged there at Camp Johnston. We attended classes and drill from 7:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. and then had class or study in the evening.

The rainy season was on in Florida and it rained every day, which contributed to the flu then raging. My bunk mate on one side was Harold Shattuck who has since succeeded his father as vice president of Schraft's Candy Company, and on the other side was John Zerby whose father was an industrialist in Philadelphia.

We had a standing order to put our bedding out each morning to sun—and we'd come back in the late afternoon to find it damp or wet. Most of the boys came down with the flu, which had just come over from Spain. We had never heard of it before but we soon realized it was real, as most of us wound up in the infirmary and many in the morgue.

One of the happiest moments of my life occurred one afternoon in November at five o'clock retreat; my name was called out with the order "front and center." After proceeding to the center and marching to the front I was handed this message from President Woodrow Wilson: "To all who shall see these presents, greetings: Know ye that reposing special

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trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of Miles Oliver Thornburg, I do appoint him Second Lieutenant Q. M. C. in the U. S. Army."

Another telegram followed from Washington requesting my immediate acceptance and directing that I proceed at once to New York City as assistant to the port supply officer.

I was allowed 48 hours to reach New York, which afforded me a 24 hour stop-over in Atlanta with my family. While in Atlanta on the morning of November 12, 1918, we were awakened by a news boy yelling, "Read all about the armistice."

It was good to be in New York City as I had never been there before, but I was greeted with sleet and snow which covered the city about all winter. There was one question in my mind, however: "Why was I sent to Florida for the summer and to New York for the winter?"

World War I was over, of course, when I reached New York, but its repercussions were continuing. I had a telegram from my brother Charlie, stating he had just returned from overseas and was at Camp Mills, Long Island. I went out to meet him and you can imagine my feelings when I found him gassed, with a broken back and frozen feet, and to make bad matters worse, his first child, whom he had not been privileged to see, had died.

General Pershing's first act after the Armistice on November 15, 1918 was to congratulate the army and urge continued discipline. I quote from a Paris newspaper of that date: "General Pershing today addressed the American soldiers in an order of the day, congratulating them on the splendid results

of the victory achieved. The order urges the men now that they are on enemy territory or the freed soil of France to show themselves to be well disciplined, correct in their behavior and respectful of civil rights."

President Wilson's sympathies were with the Belgians, realizing that they had suffered most and were the most innocent, so he on November 15, 1918, cabled King Albert: "Never has a national holiday occurred at a more auspicious moment, and never have felicitations been more heartfelt than those which it is my high privilege to tender to your Majesty on this day. When facing imminent destruction Belgium sacrificed herself and won for herself a place of honor among nations, a crown of glory imperishable though all else were lost. The danger is averted, the hour of victory come, and with it the promise of a new life, fuller, greater, nobler than has been known before. The blood of Belgium's heroic sons has not been shed in vain."

Kaiser Bill fled to Holland where he sought asylum and started his wood chopping exercises; the German army officers surrendered or were rounded up and held; and the officers of the German fleet who had given the orders for the sinking of their ships, were taken to the British battleship *Ramiles* and held as prisoners.

The surrender and signing of the Armistice terms was a bitter pill to the Germans and especially to the German High Command which was solely responsible for misleading the German people and for forcing them into war.

The loss of life and the expense of World War I reached a staggering sum. A newspaper clipping from the New York

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Times, dated 1919, shows the total loss of men to be 10,330,000 for Germany and Austria alone with a total casualty list for all nations of approximately 15,000,000. The same paper showed the cost of the war for the year 1918, to be \$9,572,000,000. This would be comparable to about fifty billion dollars today. Also we might consider it in the light of normal costs of 1919, for it was about this year or in the upper teens that we had our first so called "Billion Dollar Congress." (One billion appropriated in one year.) There was a lot of criticism by the tax payers of the "Billion Dollar Congress." In 1957, this was about one week's payroll.

The immediate postwar period was rough financially. Money was scarce and drastic curtailment seemed necessary. The army was reduced to 180,000 men. I recall how it affected our government overseas accounting office in New York City where approximately 90 percent were civilian employees. One day without warning we were ordered to "dismiss for the convenience of the Government" 65 percent of our employees. My department was reduced from 60 to 20. It was a sad day when these notices were passed out.

President Wilson made two trips to Europe in 1919 in the interest of a lasting peace. On February 15, 1919, he announced to Congress and to the nation his famous League of Nations Covenant, which was followed by vigorous and prolonged debate in Congress.

It is interesting to note here Mutt and Jeff's reaction to the League of Nations discussion in 1919. Jeff asked Mutt, "What is all this League of Nations stuff? I've heard about the American and National Leagues but this League of Nations

stuff is over my head." Mutt explained to Jeff that "all the great nations of the world are bonded together to guarantee everlasting peace—all for one and one for all." Jeff said he was against it. Mutt asked him if his reasons were political and Jeff replied, "No, my reasons are musical," and explained, "It took me 42 years to learn to sing 'My Country 'Tis of Thee;' now we will have to learn to sing 'Our Countries 'Tis of Those.'" Mutt raised the window and dumped little Jeff out into the ash can. That is about what happened to the League of Nations. It was signed, along with the formal and final peace treaty, by the various nations while Mr. Wilson was in Paris in June, 1919, subject to the approval of the various nations. President Wilson returned to America and was met by a committee in New York City composed of Senator Champ Clark, Secretaries Daniels and Glass, Vice President Marshall and Secretaries Wilson, Baker and Lane. He received a great ovation from the populace, but a cold shoulder in Washington from many Republican Senators. A cartoon showed the White House swimming pool as the "Invitation to discuss League of Nations" with Mr. Wilson in the center of it saying to Republican Senators on the bank, "Come on in, the water's fine." But the Senators on the bank were tying knots in Mr. Wilson's clothes.

Many who have read and studied the full text of the League of Nations feel it was the greatest document ever penned by the hand of man outside of the Bible. For instance, in the twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second articles it provides for fair and humane conditions in all countries to which their commercial and industrial relations extend. It

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provided for securing and maintaining freedom of transit for the commerce of all nations and placed under the control of the League all former treaties. But as fine as it was, it was not good enough for a majority of the congressmen and senators; hence it was defeated. This broke Mr. Wilson's heart and also disturbed millions of citizens, but it was done, and has resulted in the loss of millions in lives and billions in money. Possibly this was partly what General Pershing had in mind when he returned from Europe and made the statement that it would have to be done all over again in twenty-five years. Subsequent events proved that Pershing was correct, as he had it timed almost to the day.

In August of 1919 we had cleared almost all accounting in the overseas offices then located at 34th Street and 8th Avenue in New York City. So Mr. Wilson sent me another message headed "To all who shall see these presents, greetings" and then continued by saying that I was honorably discharged and had been awarded the Victory Medal.

The employees in my department presented me with a gold-trimmed wallet and a one dollar bill with their names written on it in red indelible ink. This was about all the money I was able to save from World War I—it was not spendable.

On my return South I received a letter from Miss Roselyn Lester signed "Your faithful stenographer" telling me about the members of my staff.

Mr. Sick, she said, "was as energetic as ever." Mr. Sisti, who was always asking about compensation, "was still asking about the bonus." Mr. Titone, who constantly had to get new

glasses, "has a new pair of glasses." About Mr. Gulick she said, "has the same strange look—didn't find the end of the world yet." About Mr. Kennedy who had trouble finding Bush Terminal she said, "he is still going to B. T. but never gets there." Miss Wahl, who was the department's fastest stenographer was still "batting .300." And Miss Turner, who kept the big reference book, "was still turning over a new leaf." She said about a big fat boy we called King Solomon because his name was Solomon and he thought he was very wise: "He is still sleeping soundly among the file cabinets, but as usual, wakes up at noon and at 4:30." About Mrs. Eaton who checked or "accomplished" (to use the military term) "hay vouchers," she said: "She is still pitching hay." Miss Leomonoff, the beautiful Russian girl who checked motor vehicles and parts, was still "driving her motor vouchers." And Mr. Nolan, who was in charge of diversions, she said, was "still diverting diversions."

In the case of Mr. Titone, above mentioned, a funny thing happened while I was there. But first let it be said he was one of the most efficient workers I have ever seen. He was an Italian and very meticulous about his work.

One day he came to me and said, "Lieutenant, I would like to be away Monday." I said "Mr. Titone, let's make it Saturday or some other day, can't we? Monday is such a busy day for us." "Well," he said, "Lieutenant, I am to get married that day and I would kindly like to be there." I replied, "Very well, Mr. Titone, I think you had better be there."

CHAPTER X

SHOW PLACES IN THE DEEP SOUTH

On Saturday, December 22, 1956, my wife and I drove to Clinton, South Carolina where we spent the night with Mrs. Thornburg's nephews, Milton Mayes and Whitfield Mayes at Presbyterian College and Thornwell School. This is a very beautiful place. The campuses are just across the street from each other. We spent the night in one of the lovely guest rooms. We joined the Thornwell faculty in the lovely new dining room. Dr. Malcolm McDonald, President, and his staff, are certainly doing an excellent job at Thornwell, and of course Presbyterian College is one of the finest small colleges in the South. Bordering the nice buildings and in the central gardens are huge arrangements of azaleas and roses which help to make the campuses show places.

On Sunday we drove to Atlanta where we spent the Christmas holidays with my son, Oliver, and his wife, Suzanne, and their son, Marc. On Christmas morning the presents were brought out from under the Christmas tree. Marc, then six, received his first bicycle and his expression was "Oh boy, just what I wanted Santa Claus to bring me." Now in 1958 there are three children—"Marc," "Mike," and "Matt."

Atlanta is referred to as the "Gateway" or "Gate City" and

with its extended suburbs has almost a million people. Ten years ago Atlanta was almost desperate over its traffic problems but has pretty well licked this problem by building north, south, east, and west, dual expressways that go under or over all other streets and provide for through traffic at forty to fifty miles per hour. This has eliminated the necessity of subways, as you can drive or go by bus right through the heart of the city with safety, at fifty miles per hour.

Atlanta has many fine and well-attended churches. Among its industries it has, among many others, Fulton Bag and Cotton Mills, Exposition Mills, Southern Spring Bed Company and Lovable Brassiere Company. Crawford Long and Henry Grady Memorial Hospitals, St. Joseph's, Piedmont, Georgia Baptist, and Emory are among the largest hospitals in the city. Atlanta is also the home of Georgia Tech, Oglethorpe, Agnes Scott and Emory. Among the many interesting places we visited in Atlanta was the "Wren's Nest," home of Joel Chandler Harris, writer of the Uncle Remus series and about fifty other books. We saw the Cyclorama at Grant's Park, depicting the battle of Atlanta. This park is very large and beautiful and boasts wild animals and birds from most of the nations of the world.

Atlanta, being probably the most cosmopolitan city of the South, is the home of many famous people, but I will mention only one, Mr. Armond May, bank director and head of the American Associated Companies and Atlanta Combined Laundries. Mr. May is a special friend of mine and has been an inspiration to me through the years. He is now about

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ninety years of age, but he is still very active. He writes a beautiful poem at the first of each year and sends it out to his friends. If you go into his company offices, you will probably see him walking from one department to the other. His slogan seems to be about the same as the Midwest industrialist who says that "A man on his feet is worth two on his seat."

From Atlanta we went to Milledgeville, Georgia for a visit with my brother, J. T. Thornburg. Milledgeville is one of the oldest and most beautiful towns in Georgia. The Georgia Military College, the Georgia State Hospital, Georgia State College for Women, and the Federal Hospital for Central Georgia are located here. This old town was the capital of Georgia from 1830 to about 1855. The old capitol building is now a unit of the Georgia Military College.

We spent the next night with Mrs. Thornburg's aunt, Mrs. Naomi Smith, at Folkston, Georgia. Mrs. Smith's late husband was Clerk of the Court there for many years and was succeeded by his son, Everett Smith, who now lives at nearby Fernandina Beach, Florida, and is an official in one of the big wood pulp plants at that place.

Next we went to White Springs, Florida, where Colonel Gaston of the *Gastonia Gazette* likes to go and write about the Stephen Foster Memorial. This is certainly one of the show places and most interesting spots in the South. As you enter the beautiful Foster Museum, you are thrilled with the strains of "Swanee River," "Old Folks at Home" and other Stephen Foster melodies. The desk, now more than 125 years old, on which Stephen Foster wrote these and many other

melodies in 1841, was recently given to the Stephen Foster Museum by Mrs. Alfred C. Morneweck, a niece of the famous composer.

The huge Stephen Foster Memorial Tower now being erected will overshadow any other tower of this kind to be found anywhere. As you leave the beautiful memorial grounds and start south down the banks of the lovely Suwannee River, you imagine you can hear the echo of that lovely song.

From here we traveled to Ocala, Florida, where Silver Springs is located. This place may be overrated but it certainly draws large crowds, for it is difficult to get a room in one of the forty motor courts located between Ocala and Silver Springs, a distance of about five miles. It is not primarily a garden and yet it is very pretty. There are a number of attractions inside the place but the main feature is the trip in the glass-bottom boats. Through the glass you see beautiful formations, various colored fish and at one place a huge spring of clear water about the size of a barrel boiling into the clear lake.

From Silver Springs we went by way of Lakeland to Fort Meade, where we spent the weekend as the guests of our summer-home neighbor, Mrs. Glada Broyles. We attended the wedding and reception of her lovely daughter, Nancy Lee to Edward Pierce, of Bartow. Mrs. Broyles' home is surrounded by four acres of orange and grapefruit trees and between her house and the fruit trees are flame vine, bougainvillea, and azaleas. On Monday Mrs. Broyles took us to her big citrus groves south of Fort Meade and we gathered grapefruit,

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valencia oranges and tangerines to our heart's content. When we were leaving, Mrs. Broyles filled our car with fruit.

We had tentative plans to go to Miami, and West Palm Beach, as we had invitations at these places to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Griffin of Gastonia and our niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Warren, at West Palm Beach. We wanted very much to go to these lovely places as we have on former occasions, but time would hardly permit and then too we felt it would be best not to buck the big Orange Bowl crowd, as it was January 1. We therefore went to Cypress Gardens which we consider the greatest showplace in Florida. You are profoundly impressed from the time you enter, and when you leave you can hardly refrain from looking back. The tropical flowers seen from the trails or boats are most glamorous. At various points there are beautiful girls posing in their colored hoop skirts. In fact, it becomes a little confusing to the men to figure out which is the most attractive—the flowers or the girls. We were most impressed by the Flame Vine, which could be seen in large masses hanging 60 or 75 feet above the ground in the tops of huge cypress trees.

The water ski show at Cypress Gardens is worth the price of admission. The Gardens, and Lake Eloise which separates Cypress Gardens from Winter Haven, are the international homes of water skiing. The water ski champion aquamaids have been the subject of many movies as well as the famous cinerama show. Esther Williams and Van Johnson made the movie "Easy To Love" here in 1952. The skiing is spectacular and is considered the "three ring circus" of the skiing world.

One should never go to Florida to "see the sights" without

seeing Cypress Gardens. As you enter the beautiful place you see in large letters these words, "If you'd have a mind of peace, A heart that cannot harden, Go find a door that opens wide, Upon a beautiful garden."

We bypassed Bok Tower at Lake Wales as we had been there before but in passing it should be said that it is a fascinating experience to go through the gardens at Bok Tower and hear the beautiful chimes. The tower is built on a hill overlooking the town of Lake Wales. From the tower can be seen lakes on every side and the lakes are surrounded by citrus groves.

Having had enough glamor at Cypress Gardens, we passed up Daytona Beach on this trip, but we do like to go there occasionally. It is a beautiful place and probably draws more people than any other city in Florida as "everybody and his brother" seem to go there during all seasons of the year.

Our next stop was St. Augustine. We do not feel that we have visited Florida without going to this ancient city. It both fascinates and intrigues us. On our previous visits, we stayed at the Hotel Bennett or one of the many tourist courts, but we decided to stay this time at the Ponce de Leon Hotel, built by Henry M. Flagler in 1885. More than 1,200 people were employed in building the hotel. It was started in 1885 and completed in 1888 at a cost of three million dollars. It is estimated that if the materials and artists were available today, it would cost fifteen million. As you pass through the beautiful archway, graceful arched loggias surround the court on three sides. Above it rises the two main towers of the building. In huge lights over the gateway you see *Bien*

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Venido, the Spanish for "Welcome." Over the entrance to the rotunda or main lobby are several old Spanish proverbs painted on shields: "The sheep that bleats loses its mouthful," "One man's meat is another man's poison," and "One does not make an omelet without breaking eggs."

The three-story rotunda is probably unsurpassed in splendor by any hotel in all the world. There are frescoes and murals in the main lobby and in various parlors and the huge dining room. All rooms, and especially the dining room, are huge. In fact, the dining room will accommodate about one thousand guests at one sitting. The bedrooms are really suites and are not much higher in price than the rooms at the better commercial hotels. A broad staircase of onyx and marble leads to the gorgeous dining room. On the landing, set in antique mosaic letters in the floor is the verse of the English poet, Shenstone:

Who'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found,
The warmest welcome at an inn.

As Ripley, whose place is nearby, would say—the breakfast is a "believe it or not." They serve a continental breakfast for only eighty cents, which includes a silver pot of delicious coffee. It is a very quiet, restful place, and is typical of this ancient city—the oldest in the United States. Here is the oldest house in the country, the ancient Plaza, Ripley's, the Fountain of Youth, Potters Wax Museum and many other famous and interesting places.

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One could profitably spend many days in the Lightner Museum of hobbies. As you enter you see this poem:

In-laws are rodents in human guise,
They eat me out of cakes and pies:
Over hills and valleys and rivers and ruts,
They come for dinner—I hate their guts.

From St. Augustine we crossed the Matanzas Bay on the Bridge of Lions and took A-1-A up the coast by way of Ponte Verde and Jacksonville Beaches to Atlantic Beach where we visited for an hour with Mrs. William Ross. This dear lady, now about 90 years of age, was my second mother when I went to Atlanta as a young man in 1912. She now lives with her daughter, Mrs. Belle Gray Lauder. Despite her advanced age, she walks to the beach each day and visits a group of "shut ins" each week. When we left, Mrs. Thornburg remarked that "It was a benediction to have visited that dear old lady."

By way of Fernandina Beach, we came to Brunswick, Georgia, where we spent the night at the Oglethorpe Hotel, "Southeast Georgia's largest and finest."

From Brunswick we came to Claxton, Georgia, a beautiful town forty miles west of Savannah, where we spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. John Romanstine and my grandchildren, Emily and Andy. This little town has two sewing factories and the famous Claxton bakery which makes and ships to all parts of the country the "old fashion fruit cake." The town is backed up by cattle farms, tobacco farms and pecan groves. Fishing and hunting are good in this area. We spent an after-

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noon on Mr. Tom Edwards' ranch where we caught a nice string of bream in his lake, and they made a most delicious supper.

From Claxton we took 301 and 321 by Allendale and Columbia, South Carolina, to our home in Gastonia. We had seen on the trip many of the Howard Johnson eating places but had not had occasion to stop at one until we reached the suburbs of Columbia. We found the lunch excellent, and especially liked their famous ice cream. They have many famous dishes but with all due respect to Sealtest and other well known brands, Howard Johnson's 28 flavors seem to be about the last word in ice cream.

Florida Revisited

A little over a year later, in March, 1958, we returned to Florida and our description of this tour was published by Colonel Gaston in *The Gastonia Gazette*, as follows:

We went just after the big freeze the latter part of February and spent most of the time in Orlando, which is one of our favorite places in Florida. We like Orlando because it is quiet, beautiful and has good fishing.

We arrived at Orlando and before noon had located a nice efficiency apartment by a lake. The fish in the lake were rather small but they would bite and when we failed to catch enough for dinner, we just bought some from other fishermen who had had better luck, for after all, one of the best ways to catch fish is with the "silver hook."

It doesn't have the glamor of Miami, but it is the center

of the citrus fruit industry and many other important things. While there, we visited the Ben White Raceway where about 500 of the nation's leading harness race horses are trained. This is the leading training center in the country, and the approximately 500 horses that train there in the winter are valued at \$25,000 to \$200,000 each.

We met Mr. and Mrs. Newsom, who occupied the apartment next to ours and who invited us to go to the Saturday afternoon races with them. They own horses and in their Winston-Salem factory make and sell various things that horse owners buy. We estimate we saw \$5,000,000 worth of horses in the races. The proceeds went to charity and the races were held to decide which horses could qualify for the New York State races this coming season. At the races we saw George Monaghan, racing commissioner of New York State; Bob Terry, publisher of "Horseman and Fair World"; Steve Phillips, inventor of the "Phillips Starting Gate," and many other important people.

We also saw the famous Johnny Simpson of Chester, S. C., drive his famous "Torpid." His "Hickory Smoke" and his "Torpid" were the country's leading trotters and pacers last year. Johnny earned \$482,000 last year himself on the track and his Orlando Ben White Raceway trained stable earned him \$600,000. He is now 38 years old and started in the stables at 18. His slogan is "You have to start in the stable and live in the stable with the horses in order to know them and succeed in this business."

One day we drove to nearby Apopka Lake and fished. This is one of the largest lakes in Florida and is called the "fisher-

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man's paradise" of Florida. They have many "fish camps" and you can rent an apartment or pay a small fee and fish from the piers or by boat. The big catch seemed to be speckle perch and ran from about one pound to three or four pounds each. While there, we met a superintendent of Minute Maid's 17,000 acre citrus orchard and were privileged to drive through and pick some oranges from the trees. We noticed in *The Orlando Sentinel* that the estimate for the citrus crop for Florida was 85 million boxes of oranges and 32 million boxes of grapefruit. This, when sold over the counter with the limes, lemons and tangerines, would bring more than \$500,000,000.

The damage was estimated to be 30% to trees from the cold weather, but we were told in the orchards that most of the trees which appeared to be killed would come out and the damage would probably be reduced to 10%.

We made several short trips in the morning to nearby points of interest. One of these places was the fabulous Langford Hotel in nearby Winter Park. This hotel is said to be Florida's newest and finest.

Winter Park is a suburb of Orlando and the home of Rollins College. It is a swanky place and building lots on the lake there sell for \$6,000 to \$12,000. Real estate prices in Florida have been advancing rapidly during the past few years. The paper stated that sales recorded at the courthouse for only one week in that county (Orange) amounted to \$2,826,300.

An artist's drawing in Sunday's paper of the modernistic five million dollar annex to the courthouse in Orlando is a

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sample of the tremendous growth of Florida in general.

We made several other stops, one at St. Augustine at a hotel overlooking Matanzas Bay and the Bridge of Lions. We love to go to this old city.

Then we spent a night with Lou's aunt just across the Florida line at Folkston, Ga. She told us about the snow that they had on the early morning of the 13th of February. She said phones commenced ringing all over town at 2 o'clock in the morning—urging each friend to wake up and see the snow. All were sure it would be gone before daylight. It snowed about two inches and stayed on the ground until about ten o'clock, but the people got up and dressed their children and made snow men before daylight. It was exciting and some were really frightened.

The last night out we stayed at one of the Barringer Hotels on Augusta's famous Broad street overlooking the Savannah River.

We do not wonder why President Eisenhower likes to go to Augusta. It is semi-tropical and a lovely place to visit. Broad street is one of the prettiest in the country and looks a good deal like Canal street in New Orleans.

The Mardi Gras

The Mardi Gras or *Mardi Grass* as Will Rogers facetiously called it, is something long to be remembered but impossible to describe adequately. Several times I had been through New Orleans during Mardi Gras season, but neither Mrs. Thornburg nor I had ever been there on Mardi Gras Day, and I had

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always been told that I had not seen Mardi Gras if I were not there on that day.

This year the major celebration started on March 1 and ended on Mardi Gras Day, March 5. We left Gastonia on March 1 and spent the night at Atlanta with my son, Oliver, and his wife, Suzanne, and saw our new grandbaby, Michael Lee, who was born on February 8, 1957. Oliver was on the Georgia Tech staff as sales executive for Radio Station WGST, but later he joined WAGA-TV.

Saturday morning, March 2, we drove to Mobile and West Point, Georgia and Troy and Andalusia, Alabama. The latter town is headquarters for the southern lumber industry. We could hardly see the city but could smell it as the smoke from the lumber mills is dense. Some of the big lumber mills cut, dry and finish the lumber. The smell of the place reminds me of the story that Miss Naomi Braswell, former Religious Educational Director at the First Baptist Church, Gastonia, told about Bogalusa, La. While attending the Baptist Seminary in New Orleans, she boarded at a place north of this town. She said the trolley car conductor would go to sleep after he took up her ticket but when he approached Bogalusa and smelled the odor from the big pulp wood plants there he would jump up and shout "Bogalusa."

In approaching Mobile you go under Mobile Bay through a tunnel or tube at about the place where Admiral Farragut captured the Confederate fleet in 1864. Mobile also has a Mardi Gras so we reached the city in time to see the afternoon parade. We went to the Cawthon Hotel overlooking Bienville Park and after registering, we went around the corner to see

the beautiful Waterman Steamship Building. In the lobby of this building is probably the largest Atlas in the world. It turns on an axis so you can sit in one place and see the whole world as it turns. The atlas is probably twenty-five feet high and is tilted forty-five degrees to show all parts of the world on the same scale. This company advertises "The sun never sets on the Waterman flag."

After having dinner at Morrison's cafeteria, we witnessed the evening Mardi Gras parade that came right by our hotel. They say the Mardi Gras started in Mobile but of course New Orleans later "stole the show."

Sunday morning, March 3, we drove along the Gulf to Biloxi and Gulfport to New Orleans. This is probably the most beautiful drive in America and is sometimes referred to as the "Riviera of America." It is a dual drive of 160 miles with tropical flowers and beautiful hotels and residences on the north side and the Gulf and beaches on the south side.

In New Orleans we checked into the Monteleone Hotel on Royal Street in the Vieux Carre or Old French Quarter. This famous hotel was built by a Mr. Monteleone in the early years of the 19th century out of profits he made from a shoe factory he established there. He brought the shoe manufacturing machinery over with him from France, along with many expert shoe makers. The hotel is sixteen stories high and covers a whole block. Mr. Monteleone was greatly beloved in New Orleans. He passed away many years ago. He spent his declining years at the hotel and would go around the lobby introducing himself to guests by saying, "I am Mr. Monteleone."

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Sunday evening we caught a trolley and went to the New First Baptist Church on beautiful St. Charles Street to hear Dr. J. D. Gray, the pastor and former President of the Southern Baptist Convention. Dr. Gray is one of the most outstanding preachers in the South and his church, which seats about two thousand, was filled almost to capacity on Sunday night. The music, consisting of a seventy-five voice choir, an organ, piano, and several other musical instruments, was most inspiring.

Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey used to advertise their show as "The greatest show on earth" but the Mardi Gras is probably the greatest. The secret of any great show is the backstage work and the setting. You can more easily understand the great success of Mardi Gras when you consider New Orleans. So let's first take a brief look at its statistics: Population over 1,000,000; second largest port in the United States, with fourteen miles of wharves; spending one billion dollars on port improvements over a ten year period, beginning in 1955; imports and exports in 1957—two billion dollars; more than 4,000 ocean-going ships dock annually; forty-two nations maintain consular offices; it has eight trunk line railroads; within a 150 mile radius, one-eighth of the world's petroleum and one-fifth of the world's gas is produced; twelve colleges, including Tulane; five outstanding museums; a great medical center with 7,000 hospital beds; new residential buildings in the last 10 years to house 200,000 persons.

In and around New Orleans one can fish every day in the year without fishing twice in the same body of water; eight

fine golf courses; new city hall cost nine million dollars; now under construction another \$65 million bridge across the "Old Miss" and a \$54 million bridge across Lake Pontchartrain.

The Mississippi River carries by New Orleans 5,000 times as much water as the city needs.

Our dinner at Antoinettes and breakfast at Brennens were delicious, but frankly not much better than Morrison's or Holsum's Cafeterias, and they cost much more.

The skyline, west of Canal Street, is a tremendous sight, but after all, it is just another city. The showplace is the Vieux Carre. One writer has said: "Within the hundred squares of the Vieux Carre, history has been halted, tenderly preserved; without a long sea voyage, there is no comparable experience for the American traveler. You ride behind a hatted horse through streets of another world, another century. Across the Spanish Main in another age men came and could see that here at the natural entrance to a valley, vast and rich beyond foreseeing, a city had to grow. Here they built their shops and their homes, the patios paved with Europe's stones brought as ballast in empty ships they meant to fill with treasure. How long ago? Their grandsons grown were profitably busy in world trade when Revere woke the farmers of Middlesex! You can see their city as it was, and finally find in it peace and strange beauty and more fun than you ever have had."

The Mardi Gras period is two weeks and always climaxes on Tuesday before Ash Wednesday which this year was March 5. On the final or "Mardi Gras Day" the parades start

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at 9:00 a.m. and go to 9:00 p.m. Mardi Gras means "Fat Tuesday" and was started by Iberville, the French colonist, in 1699. In 1847 it assumed its present form and has grown more elaborately since that time. It is estimated that 500,000 people see the parades along St. Charles Avenue and Royal and Canal Streets. One of the principal features of Mardi Gras Day is the costuming on Canal Street. Can you imagine a half million costumes and hardly any two alike? They range from the devil to the angels and from the ridiculous to the sublime. No true citizen of New Orleans would fail to be in costume on that day, nor would most of the visitors. Many of the costumes are very beautiful and many are weird and grotesque. Fun is the idea, so they do not fail to keep you laughing all the time.

About eight different themes or parades were staged Tuesday. At 9:00 a.m. when the Negro parade, led by King Zula, tore down Canal Street, it was something terrific. The Krewe of Orleans parade was one of the most colorful and contained 130 floats besides all the bands, etc. The motifs varied widely from ancient Chinese to present day. The float "Winter Wonderland" won the prize in this huge parade.

King Rex's parade was not the largest or most glamorous but the most important. The theme for it was "Favorite Stories from the Old Testament" such as "Lucifer and the Fallen Angels," "The Garden of Eden," "Noah and the Ark," "The Tower of Babel," "The Pillar of Salt," "Jacob and the Golden Ladder," "Joseph and the Land of Pharoah," "Crossing the Red Sea," "The Ten Commandments," "Joshua Fought the Battle of Jericho," "The Day the Sun and Moon

Stood Still," "Samson and Delilah," "David and Goliath," "King Solomon, The Wise," "The Fiery Furnace," "The Handwriting on the Wall," "Daniel in the Lion's Den," and "Jonah and the Whale." These floats were exceedingly beautiful. Each so different and portraying perfectly its subject.

Canal Street is the widest and possibly also the longest in America and makes glamorous streets in other cities look like side shows.

New Orleans spends about a half million dollars each year on the Mardi Gras. You ask how can they afford it? That's easy. It has been a business with them for more than a hundred years and they have learned how to make it pay off. The hotels do about two million dollars worth of business during the Mardi Gras season. There are about five companies in New Orleans that make Mardi Gras costumes. They make more than a million of them to sell from a few dollars to thousands of dollars each. If they average ten dollars that is a ten million dollar total. The thousands of stores and shops are packed full for a week or more. All prices are stepped up substantially for the season. Don't feel sorry for them, for the cost is distributed among the local people and the visitors probably pay most of it.

The *Times-Picayune* said, "There's nothing like Canal Street. No one ever actually counted the thousands who greet King Rex but most estimates are a half million. Go the nation over and nowhere will you find anything as colorful as this New Orleans main artery where Rex, the lord of misrule, greets his subjects."

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On Wednesday we came to Bellingrath Gardens, near Mobile. Anyone out to visit beautiful gardens can not afford to pass up this one. It is a year-round garden, but, of course, the azaleas and camellias predominate at this season. We can agree that this is "The charm spot of the Deep South" as advertised.

We came to Montgomery for the night and saw again the old State Capitol and stood on the bronze star on the big front porch overlooking the downtown section where Jeff Davis stood and made his inaugural address as president of the Southern Confederacy.

Thursday we came by Tuskegee, the large Negro college made famous by the late Dr. Booker T. Washington and carried on by Dr. George Washington Carver and others. Dr. Luther Foster is now president.

This is one of the largest and best Negro colleges in the South and has about five thousand students. In my extensive travels through the deep South during the last thirty years, when I have met up with a real courteous and refined colored boy or girl and asked them where they went to school, almost invariably the reply has been "Tuskegee."

When I lived in Atlanta in 1915, I went to hear Dr. Washington speak at a Bible conference. He was the only Negro on the conference program. Dr. Charles Daniels, then pastor of the First Baptist Church of Atlanta, introduced him to the audience by telling the true story of President Theodore Roosevelt's fox hunt in Alabama in 1902. He said the fox had gone under the gate and into the Tuskegee Reservation and so did the dogs, but Mr. Roosevelt and party were

stopped by an old darky holding the gate. Some one said, "Uncle, this is Mr. Roosevelt, President of the United States." The old darky bowed low and said, "Mr. President, I'se heard of you and you are a great man, but I has strict orders and if you was Booker T. himself, I could not let you through this gate."

We came back to Atlanta for a more extended visit with my son and family and with our beloved in-laws, the Adams family, in the suburban town of Hapeville. There are eight living members in this family now. The niece, Mary Ann, recently married a Baptist minister, Harry Carswell of Knoxville, and the nephew, Donald, is a Lieutenant in the Army. Miss Mae Adams is connected with the Rich Department Stores and Everett Adams is with the government warehouse at nearby Connally, where Uncle Sam has several billion dollars worth of supplies. Mac Nesbit, the brother-in-law, is in charge of motor repair for the Eighth Army at nearby Fort McPherson, and Mrs. Nesbit is the home-keeper. The other two, Weymon and Theron Adams, live elsewhere. The hobby of Everett and Mac is fowls. In the preparatory room adjacent to the kitchen, they showed us the "day's take" consisting of 25 dozen chicken, turkey, guinea, quail, chucker, dove, pheasant and peacock eggs. It is a profitable hobby as they sell the eggs from the wild fowls at \$4.00 to \$5.00 per dozen. The best part about it was they gave us four dozen fresh hen eggs to bring home. More power to the hens and may they continue to lay fresh fruit.

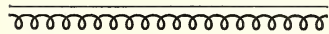
Hapeville is a town of 15,000. It is largely residential but it has the Ford plant, the Georgia Baptist Orphan's Home,

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and the Municipal Airport, which is about the third largest of the United States and was recently made an international airport.

Our next hop was to Clinton, South Carolina, to spend the night with Mrs. Thornburg's nephews, Milton and Whitfield Mayes. These boys visit us in Gastonia occasionally. Milt is doing real well at Presbyterian College and teaches a class of boys in Sunday School. Whit was one of only two honor students at Thornwell last semester, and is a Junior Councillor in his church.

Well, it is good to get back home. With all due respects to the nice places we went, we still say, "Be it ever so humble," there's no place like it.



Appendix



PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Interview by Reporter in 1956

I never liked to have my picture taken for if I smile it looks silly, and if I don't it looks too much like me. Also I don't like to be interviewed as I have to tell too much about myself; however, I did submit to an interview several years ago by a Gastonia Gazette reporter and this is what he wrote:

“Miles O. Thornburg, secretary of Groves Thread Co., Inc., estimates that he has traveled at least one million miles by automobile during the past 30 years, and his expeditions have taken him from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and deep into Canada, Mexico, and Cuba.

“Traveling is his hobby, and when not working, nothing delights him more than to pile a few belongings into his Dodge and take off for points of historic interest.

“He can converse learnedly about the state of upkeep of the Alamo in Texas, can describe first-hand the ancient missions of California, will give you whatever information you might

need about the outstanding expositions of the decade, or is able to talk knowingly about affairs locally peculiar to dozens of large cities across the continent.

"Mr. Thornburg, who is one of the leading citizens of our city and community, has been affiliated in executive positions with Groves Thread for 30 years. He is now secretary of the corporation, which employs around 700 persons in three large spinning units and a finishing plant, and was listed as one of the who's who in thread manufacturing in 1950.

"Many people don't know it, but the Groves Company makes industrial sewing thread for various large manufacturers over the country, producing all numbers, twists and descriptions, wound in various lengths. Groves turns out around 350 descriptions of sewing thread, specializing in the following seaming and sewing threads: natural, bleached, dyed, silk finish, soft finish and mercerized. Also nylon and other synthetic threads. Groves prides itself on complete dyeing facilities for accurate color matching, with a full range of numbers in natural cotton color thread, with special dressing, if required.

"Treasurer and general manager of the corporation is Earl T. Groves, and M. O. Thornburg is secretary.

"Mr. Thornburg was born in Kings Mountain on July 5, 1891. Growing up, he attended Gastonia High School, Piedmont Junior College, and Southern Commercial University in Atlanta. Now, he has a son, Oliver Thornburg, who has moved to Atlanta. The young man, who now in 1950 is 26 years old, is a CBS newscaster, and you've probably heard him speak over the far-flung Columbia system.

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"In 1917 Mr. Thornburg, as a young man was given a suit of khaki and eventually worked his way up to a lieutenant's commission in the Army during World War I. When he was mustered out, in 1919, he came to Gastonia and went with the Armstrong chain of mills. Next, he served for several years with the W. T. Love textile interests. His third connection, which began 30 years ago, was with Groves. That was in 1923.

"You'll find him at his desk now daily, from 8:30 a.m. until 5:00 in the afternoon. He's always in a jovial mood, and ready to greet any visitor with a smile.

"Mr. Thornburg long has taken an active part in the civic and religious work of the city. He is a past president, and a charter member, of the Gastonia Civitan Club. He is vice-president of the North Carolina Baptist Brotherhood, is a member of the executive committee of the Gaston Baptist Association, and in his own church, the First Baptist, is chairman of the board of deacons."

Honorable Decisions

Decisions are sometimes hard to make. Usually we can make them very quickly and even without thinking if they are routine but others must be pondered over, slept over and even prayed over. A volume could be written on right decisions but I think we can sum it all up by recalling an incident about Lou Gehrig.

Everyone who is interested in athletics has followed the course of Lou Gehrig, the idol of the athletic youth of Ameri-

ca, who retired from the Yankees when the doctors told him he could not continue playing baseball.

One day Lou Gehrig was offered two positions, one which would pay him \$6,000 a year and the other \$30,000 a year. He accepted the \$6,000 position as city parole commissioner of New York City. He gave as his reason for declining the \$30,000 offer that it entailed the use of his name with an enormous restaurant and drinking place. "It didn't seem the right thing to do. I would not actually have had anything to do with it in the first place; and somehow I didn't fancy my name in lights over a place like that."

We think more than ever of Lou Gehrig who learned that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Interesting Letters

This letter was written by my Grandfather to his old friend in 1867:

White Plains, N. C.

February the 14th, 1867

Mr. I. W. Fullton, Paris, Texas.

After some time and trouble I seat myself to drop you a few lines. We are well and hope this letter may find you and Mrs. Fullton the same.

Billie, I received those notes and accounts you sent back but have nothing yet but the Oats-note but I will get the Hallmans too maybe. Rush says you forged his account on him and he says he will swear to it and prove it besides. Ledford won't have a thing to do with either the notes or accounts

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but says he looks to me for his money. Billie, I have put confidence in you in days past and gone and I do yet, so times being very hard and every man pushing I am afraid they will sell me out yet if you do not stand up to me which I believe you will. So I want the balance by Spring court if possible which will be about \$45.00. Billie I want you to say in your letter which I hope to receive whether or not that note you gave to Ledford was to be in specie or United States currency. Falls is trying to recover specie so I want you to say how the thing is.

Billie, I am troubled so I had liked to a forgot I want to know how you like the country and what sort of water you have and how you think the country would suit old Haywood for if I can get to a better place I will move from here shore. So I will say no more at present I believe but one thing and that is this I want you to write soon as I do not expect to sleep much until I get a answer from you so nothing more but I remain your old friend.

Haywood Harmon

Several letters received and written to leading Baptists in 1924 while serving as President of the N. C. Baptist Young Peoples Union. Letter from Mr. Perry Morgan, Secretary B.Y.P.U. work in N. C.:

July 5, 1924

Dear Mr. Thornburg:

I received your telegram while I was at Morehead City. Your letter of June 28 was on my desk when I returned to

MILES O. THORNBURG

the office. I am using this, my first opportunity, to write you.

First of all, let me say I am more than delighted at the action of the Convention in electing you president. I have always found you a true-hearted, whole-hearted, genial worker. I do not anticipate anything other than that we shall go hand in hand carrying out the great program adopted by the Convention.

I thank you for the copy of the "Gaston County Messenger." You certainly have a firm hold on the Baptists of your Association.

I hope I may see you in the near future and have a heart to heart talk with you about our plans for the year. I want you to feel free to call on me for any service. I will never be too tired or too busy to pay attention to your wants and needs.

Dr. Walter Johnson was in my office Thursday. There was some misunderstanding between us regarding the Wilmington engagement. We have straightened it out, however, and all is well.

Richest blessings upon you!

Sincerely,
Perry Morgan

Dear Thornburg, "Miss Clyde" and M. O. Jr.

Your letter of June 28 just read with consuming interest. I congratulate the head of the family upon becoming the head of the family of B.Y.P.U.'s. It is quite worthy and becoming of Georgia products that you should hold such a position of distinction. I am truly happy.

You asked a difficult question when you inquire as to the

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duties of a state president. It depends upon conditions in the state. My conception of a president's duties always was that he, besides having charge of the conventions, should confer frequently with the State Secretary, advising him and advising with him as to every policy and plan of the state; and that he use his influence with the State Mission Board and the authorities higher up to institute whatever reforms, innovations and new steps may be needed in the state. He should appear before the State Convention and as many association meetings as possible in the interest of the B.Y.P.U. He should assist the State Secretary in securing new workers when needed, in getting proper recognition on Convention programs, in getting publicity, etc. When I have said that, I have given you my conception. The details, of course, I can not suggest as I do not know the need in the state.

It is delightful to hear the news of the family and to know that the baby is growing so nicely. We have two at our house. One of them is in the teeth cutting experience of the second summer which means that the tear ducts are constantly full to overflowing. The other one is in the trying fifth year when self assertiveness is apparent. It is a great game and life would be little without it.

My love to each of the family and assurances that my interest and pride follow you in your new responsibility.

Yours cordially,
Frank H. Leavell
Secretary
Georgia B.Y.P.U.

MILES O. THORNBURG

Letter written in 1936 while serving as President of the Gastonia Civitan Club.

July 1, 1936

Mr. Arthur Cundy, Secretary
Civitan International
Birmingham, Alabama

Dear Mr. Secretary:

The writer and family enjoyed the convention at Hartford immensely and were most favorably impressed with Civitan International and for a bigger and better Civitan during the coming year.

We wish to thank you for the packet of literature which the writer has read with interest and passed along to the respective committees. There is renewed interest and enthusiasm in our club at this time.

Enclosed herewith is a list of our committees and officers and a copy of programs which were unanimously adopted for the ensuing year. You can count on us to cooperate to the best of our ability.

The writer wrote our Vice President and Program Chairman after talking with you in Hartford regarding your proposed visit to our Club, but found that it was impossible to change the date to July 1st due to the fact that it would conflict with other club meetings in the city at that time, hence we are going ahead with our programs as originally arranged, and will hope to have you visit and address our Club on September 2nd which we will expect to make a red letter day. We will have our program well under way for the year at

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that time and will need an inspirational address from you.

Will appreciate your writing us at your earliest convenience confirming this arrangement or what other date you could come if you cannot come at that time.

Our programs have already been arranged through July but would be glad to have you any time on or after August 5th, and we meet every two weeks as follows: August 5th, August 19th, September 2nd, September 16th, September 30th, etc.

Awaiting your advices and with kind regards, we remain
Yours very truly,
M. O. Thornburg, President
Gastonia Civitan Club.

Letter received August 12, 1939 from Mr. William B. Hartsfield, Mayor of Atlanta read:

I cordially invite you to fly to Atlanta for the three day celebration of the World Premiere of "Gone With the Wind," December 4 to 16.

Wm. B. Hartsfield,
Mayor of Atlanta

In March 1945, I received a letter from Supreme Court Judge Emery B. Denny, which I think is significant. Those who know Judge Denny know that he is not a prolific letter writer or a man of many words, but when he does speak, it is to emphasize or encourage something he considers eminently worthwhile. I quote Judge Denny's letter as follows:

MILES O. THORNBURG

I am delighted to see that you are to direct the Meredith Campaign in Gaston County. That means that the quota will be raised. Meredith is an outstanding school and, with the additional funds now being raised, it should be in a position to go forward in a great way.

In 1946, while I was serving as President of the 8th District N. C. Baptist Brotherhood, Dr. John Wimbish, Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, was invited to speak at our annual convention. The following letter received from this great evangelist will serve to show the "play side" of a great preacher:

May 17, 1956

Dear Brother Thornburg:

Thank you for your good letter of May 13. I now have my travel plans completed. The Lord willing, I shall arrive at the airport in Charlotte at 2:34 Monday afternoon, May 21, Eastern's Flight No. 527. I trust that this will be convenient for your schedule.

Please don't think I spend all my hours dreaming about fishing; however, I would like to go out to the lake on Monday afternoon, if we can do so, and Tuesday morning.

If this works any hardship on you, please do not feel obligated in any way whatsoever; but if you could arrange to get me out to the lake, it will mean a great deal to me to have just a few hours of fishing.

Naturally, I am looking forward most of all to the meeting

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on Tuesday night. It should be an inspiring service with that great men's choir and all the other brethren singing the old hymns of the church.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
John S. Wimbish.

The textile industry is now, in March 1957, feeling the effects of the lowering of the tariff on foreign imports. I am copying a letter here that I wrote to our Senators and Congressmen and many others in February, 1955, which I think gives a brief resume of the effects of tearing down the tariff wall that had served us so well for many years:

February 21, 1955

Dear -----

We have noticed recently the administration tendency in Washington to lower further the tariff protection against vital commodities. This will greatly affect textiles.

The textile industry is already adversely affected by previous tariff concessions as much as 50 to 75 per cent, whereas not one tariff concession has been granted us on cotton goods by other countries. This has resulted in our losing our former export business on cotton thread, yarn, piece goods and finished cotton products.

Considerable necessary help is being given the free world by the U.S.A. but further lowering of the tariffs would most certainly go a long way toward killing the goose that is laying the golden egg.

MILES O. THORNBURG

This is a very serious matter as further tariff reductions on imported cotton goods from foreign countries would adversely affect the textile industry.

In other words, we have already, as pointed out above, lost our export business by reason of foreign countries raising their tariffs against us but if we further lower our tariffs and allow these foreign countries to unload their cheap goods into this country, it would absorb a large percentage of our domestic business and could and doubtless would eventually result in drastic curtailment of our operations, thus adversely affecting stockholders, employees and the American public as a whole.

We sincerely hope you will oppose the further lowering of the tariff vigorously.

Yours very truly,
Groves Thread Co., Inc.
M. O. Thornburg, Sec'y.

*Letter received January, 1957 from Mr. Brice Dickson,
Executive Secretary, Gastonia Chamber of Commerce:*

January 8, 1957

Dear Mr. Thornburg:

We regret very much to have your notice stating that you will not be able to continue as an individual member of the Chamber due to the fact that you retired last July 1st.

Your membership here in the Chamber has been a very fruitful one, for I distinctly remember the promptness of your attendance at all committee meetings and your willing-

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ness to always work on whatever assignment given. While you will not be an active dues-paying individual we still look forward to your valuable contribution through the membership of Groves Thread Company—while you have retired from your active business career we don't want you to retire from your civic responsibilities.

With kind personal regards through the coming year, I am

Sincerely yours,

B. T. Dickson

Executive Secretary

Dr. V. Ward Barr, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Gastonia, N. C. and member of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, and his family made a world tour of the mission fields in July, 1958. On his return he preached a most inspiring sermon to his congregation on the subject, about which I wrote Dr. M. A. Huggins, General Secretary of N. C. Baptists and Dr. Huggins replied as follows:

September 2, 1958

Dear Brother Thornburg:

I add a word to the letter that Miss Duncan, secretary, wrote you on August 15. You had written about the very fine sermon of Ward Barr's, "It is Christ or Chaos."

The program, I think, is complete, but I am sending your letter on to John Lawrence, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Shelby, chairman of the committee. If Ward can't be used for that message this year, I will keep in mind to try to get him on some other program, Brotherhood, etc.

Then, I write this note as a personal word to you. In other days I knew you as a leader when you were younger—and both of us were younger!—in Training Union work, I believe. I haven't seen you in many years, but I have always had a high regard for you and I wanted you to know it.

Fraternally,
M. A. Huggins

Selected Speeches

On many occasions I have been invited to serve as an after-dinner speaker at service clubs and social functions. These speeches are always varied to suit the particular occasion. I usually weave in between my jokes a few strands of a more serious vein. Because of the variation of these subjects I am omitting the more serious thoughts and relating some of the jokes and stories I have used.

Friends, it is a real pleasure to participate with you on this occasion. Considering the good food it is more important to me than to you. Up in Canada, I am told, they have large families. While visiting the Dionne family in Canada in 1936 I verified this story and found the families were usually very large. The father of one family of 15 children took them all down to Quebec some years ago to show them a big bull moose being exhibited there. When he and his wife lined up the 15 children and called for 17 tickets, the manager heard him ask if there was any reduction on this number of tickets since his family was so large. The manager replied, "Yes, just

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march them in free of charge for it is more important that the moose see your family than that you see our show."

I have eaten so much that I am tempted to do what the Irishman did on one occasion. He was hired by his Jewish neighbor to work in his field. The Jewish neighbor told him to come early and have breakfast with him. After the breakfast, the Jew, thinking they could save time and get more work done, proposed that they also eat lunch at that time. After they had finished lunch the Jew then proposed that they could save more time by also eating dinner. The Irishman let out his belt another notch and started on the dinner. After the dinner the Jew said, "We will now go to the field and get in a straight day's work." The Irishman replied, "Not me. I always go home after dinner."

I rarely ever bring notes on paper or much on my mind for an after dinner speech. Which reminds me of the farmer who took a load of potatoes and apples to town in his two wheel cart. The heavy load shoved the cart forward on a steep hill and the old mule had to run to keep out of its way. When the cart reached the bottom, there was deep mud and the mule could not pull it out. The farmer got out and went to the back of the cart to unload. Noticing that the potatoes and apples had bounced out as he came down the hill, he exclaimed to the mule, "Here we are in the middle of a bad fix—stalled and nothing to unload."

In fact, my speeches are usually about like that of the fourth little boy who was called on to speak.

The first little boy said his speech was like a dog's tail "bound to occur."

The second boy said his speech was like a rat's tail "long and with a point."

The third boy said his speech was like a cat's tail "fur to the end."

The fourth boy, being somewhat confused as to what he should say about his speech, arose and announced that his speech was like a rabbit's tail "just a mere suggestion."

It will, therefore, not be necessary for you to do as the old Negro deacon did on one occasion when his pastor preached on "The Major and Minor Prophets." After preaching about one and one-half hours on the major prophets, he turned to the deacon and said, "Now Deacon Jones, so much for the major prophets. Where shall we place the minor ones?" Deacon Jones arose, pushed his chair forward, and said, "Brother Parson, you can give one of them my seat 'cause I's going home."

Most speakers get on a "detour" when they start speaking. Having accumulated too much material for their speech, they forget to confine themselves to the facts.

Which reminds me of some of Mutt and Jeff's experiences.

Jeff went out on a trip in his little car. When he returned, Mutt asked him how he found the roads. Jeff replied, "The roads named for Washington and Lee and other great Americans were good but those named for that everlasting Frenchman 'De Tour' were terrible."

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One day Jeff went to see his girl and came back with a large bunch of lilacs. Mutt, not knowing Jeff had a girl, asked where he got them. When Jeff told him that his girl gave them to him, Mutt threw him out the window and exclaimed, "Anybody that would lilac that."

In conclusion, I feel that I should say a word of commendation in a little more serious vein about your program, which I observe is to promote unselfishness in your community and wholesome social life for the young people. It has long since been proven that a selfish individual makes no worthwhile contribution to anyone. Eventually we get back what we give out. We can always remember that "What is good for the goose is also good for the gander."

The American Legion magazine contained this story. On the beach a genial fat man watched a group of shapely young ladies in scanty swim suits as they went through their morning setting-up exercises. "Do you think this sort of thing is really good for reducing?" a sour-visaged acquaintance demanded. "Unquestionably," beamed the fat man. "I walk three miles every morning to watch it."

I wish also to commend you for your interest in wholesome social life for the young people of the community. They are the future of the community and of the nation and their potential for good cannot be estimated. As expressed by the poet:

A diamond in the rough
Is a diamond sure enough.

MILES O. THORNBURG

Before it ever shines
It has the diamond stuff.
Of course someone must find it
Or it never would be found.
And then someone must grind it
Or it never would be ground.
But when it's found and when it's ground
And when it's burnished bright,
That diamond's everlastingly
Just sending forth the light.
Oh, worker in the community,
Don't say I've done enough;
For the most insignificant boy or girl
May be a diamond in the rough.

Yes, may I add, young people need social life. It is a God-given proclivity and a preeminent characteristic. It is needless to try to stifle the social impulse, but it is possible to channel it for high and noble purposes.

In 1942 I was asked to appear on a patriotic program and speak three minutes on "America." This was my feeble effort—

America's history roots in divine Providence. Well-timed fogs and swollen rivers saved Washington's men from annihilation. Even the destruction of the Spanish Armada had great bearing on the fortunes of history and the ultimate nature of the United States of America and her institutions.

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One of the factors in the founding of the United States of America was a religious motive.

The American way of life roots itself in great biblical principles and concepts. The worth and dignity of the individual, the competency of the soul, the democracy of believers and the theory of inalienable rights all come from the Bible.

America has been the haven of more oppressed and underprivileged people than any nation in history.

The goal of our leaders was the realization of the "four freedoms" in their entirety.

With all her faults America provides more freedom, more opportunity, and more security for her people than any nation on earth.

The United States of America is in the most strategic position of any nation in the world. She will be less ravaged by war, has more developed resources, is uniquely located, and will be more intact than any major power.

The United States of America provides the world's greatest missionary force. Will she share the best she has with mankind? No nation in all history has or will face such a challenge. We can be the difference in a terrible chaos or a durable peace."

A speech I delivered some years ago before the Gastonia Masonic bodies:

Fellow Masons—

Masonry is universal. The boast of the Emperor, Charles V, that the sun never set on his vast empire, may be applied

with equal truth to the Order of Freemasonry. From east to west and from north to south over the habitable globe are our lodges disseminated. Wherever the wandering steps of civilized man have left their foot-prints, there have our Temples been established. The lessons of Masonic Love have penetrated into the wilderness of the west and the red man of our soil have shared with his more enlightened brother the mysteries of our science; while arid sands of the African desert have been more than once the scene of a Masonic greeting. Masonry is not a fountain, giving health and beauty to some hamlet, and slaking the thirst of those only who dwell upon its humble banks: but it is a mighty stream, penetrating through every hill and mountain, and gliding through every field and valley of the earth, bearing in its beneficent bosom the abundant waters of love and charity for the poor, the widow, and the orphan of every land.

The very soul of Masonry is brotherly love and as expressed by the poet, "it is the set of the soul that determines its goal."

Although dating back to the beginning of time and having made wonderful progress, Freemasonry has not been without opposition. Mackey says, "There is no country in which Masonry has ever existed in which this opposition has not from time to time exhibited itself, although, in general, it has been overcome by the purity and innocence of the institution."

Mackey does not state the reason for this opposition because the reasons are too well known to Masons, and I might mention in passing that two of the principle reasons are: 1. that Masons lay much claim (and rightly so) to Bible history and

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2. Masons who are conscientious and sincere Masons make most excellent Churchmen. In fact, no one can be the best Mason without being a loyal church member. As great as Masonry is, when a man puts it before his church, he is not a good Mason, however active he may be in the work of the Lodge.

Freemasonry is the predominating fraternal organization on the face of the earth. Its leaders have both pioneered and led in the establishment of every civilization. Masons played a big part in the founding of this country. Our first president was a Mason and presided in the East, as have many succeeding presidents.

The heart of Masonry and its beneficial Spirit, together with the sciences it represents, makes it a great constructive character-building organization — building a bridge, over which it passes and over which those who follow may also pass.

A speech made in 1934 during the time of labor disputes.

The announcement today of the investigation of the so-called munitions manufacturers racket reminded me of something that is now uppermost in the minds of a great many American citizens, namely—the need of an investigation of the labor leaders racket. I travel quite extensively (having been in practically every Southeastern State this summer), and have talked with hundreds of citizens in various industries and all are emphatic in their opinion that the present

textile strike is the most vicious racket ever perpetrated on the American people.

It is in open violation of law, in that it is necessarily directed toward the Textile Code and N. R. A. Public sentiment is overwhelmingly against it. Even the mill operatives, strikers and non-strikers will tell you almost invariably: "There is no grievance—just a national movement."

It is generally known and conceded that high up labor leaders are exploiting labor today and are planting into their minds through their agitators the most insidious doctrines against their employers. I heard one of these agitators and organizers speak recently and his speech was nasty, vile and practically everything he said was a gross misrepresentation of fact.

It is the belief of many thinking people that these high up labor leaders are drawing enormous salaries and commissions from dues which accounts for their zeal in keeping up agitation and fomenting strife where peace would otherwise dominate. This constitutes what I have referred to as a "vicious racket." I believe you will agree this should be investigated. The actions of these labor leaders are fraught with grave possibilities. It will be interesting to see what these labor leaders salaries are, where they come from and whether or not they pay income tax on them. A political campaign is often investigated—why should not a racket like the present one by labor leaders and their cohorts be investigated, especially in view of the fact that this agitation is designed to destroy happiness and sew seeds of discontent. I sincerely believe the tax paying public would welcome and be benefited thereby.

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This speech was delivered by the writer to the employees of Groves Thread Co. after the failure of the textile labor leaders to push their union into the Groves and other Southern plants where there was no union or desire for one by the great majority of the employees. Our mills and other non union mills agreed to close for two weeks until the racket was over.

Notwithstanding labor leaders' statement to the contrary the strike was a miserable failure. It was destined to fail from the beginning due to the fact that it was inopportune, uncalled for and therefore unwise. Furthermore it was not representative of the employees as a whole. For instance in our own plant the 80 per cent loyal operatives not only constituted the vast majority but also, with probably a few exceptions, compose the cream of our organization. The picketing that came to our mill from other plants represented the worst element in those mills.

Someone has humorously but truthfully stated that labor leaders were foolish enough to call it a strike but died on first base. In fact, it is generally known that labor leaders and their cohorts would not have gotten to first base had they not employed the most violent and vicious means of intimidation and lawlessness. It is generally agreed that the only thing won in the strike was a large sum of money by these labor leaders. The employees' loss was their gain. It always works out that way and the sad part about it is the employees that were loyal to their employers suffered along with the strikers.

Don't take my word for it. Just talk with most any level

headed business man or professional man today and he will tell you that the conduct of the pickets was a disgrace to the country to say nothing of the fact that the strike was unjustified. Everybody knows where the vicious methods used by strikers came from. The fact that they were used all over the country in the same way and at the same time indicated that they immigrated from headquarters and were not framed up locally.

I will venture to say that the general public, the non-strikers (who constitute about 75 per cent of all operatives) and even a large percentage of the strikers themselves will agree that the present National Union leadership has proven itself untrustworthy and that Unionism has been set back for many years if not permanently injured in this country. It seems to illustrate the truthfulness of the old saying that "A bad thing will kill itself if turned loose."

Since there was admittedly no grievance in our own plant it would have been bad enough for our employees to have taken the financial loss they have suffered for the sake of comrades elsewhere but the fact that the strike was not justifiable makes it too bad—in fact a total loss.

It may be hard to do, but I honestly believe that the Christian duty of every striker is to apologize to his fellow workers and at the same time resolve that Union or no Union from this time forward we will attend to our own business and insist on others doing the same.

Let it be understood that except for unpeaceful picketing and acts of violence and unlawfulness we are not holding the unfortunate affair against the strikers. We appreciate the fact

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that many of you were misled and are therefore more to be pitied than blamed, so let us like men and brethren forget it and profit by our mistake. Some of you were disappointed Monday morning when you were unable to get work. Unfortunately we could not put our full force to work Monday morning. The unfortunate strike made it necessary for us to cancel some business and set up current specifications for later delivery. Consequently we can not, to begin with, use more than about 75 per cent of our full force. In distributing the work Monday morning you will agree it was only fair to call in first as many of those that had petitioned us for work last week that we could use. It will not be our policy to discriminate against members of the Union and certainly we could not afford to discriminate against loyal operatives. We must, however, use some discretion in taking back operatives who are guilty of violence and lawlessness. We wish to assure you that we will call in from the unemployed ranks in our village additional operatives as fast as conditions will justify.

Some years ago our city adopted the slogan "Gastonia—City of Growing Beauty." Some thought the slogan was then somewhat of a joke but they probably had more in mind its then present condition than the possibilities and aims for the future. Gastonia has in the meantime made marvelous progress and is now one of the most beautiful cities in the nation.

In this connection, I think it would be appropriate here to record a radio speech I was asked to make several years ago in connection with a clean-up program that was

MILES O. THORNBURG

sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce and headed by Mr. Van Covington, Mr. Bill Hair and Mr. Brice Dickson—

Not knowing until late today that I was to make this radio speech this evening I find myself in the same predicament as the lady who was up in the air with nothing to wear—except that I am up *on* the air with nothing to say.

However, I don't need to make any apology for the clean-up program. In fact, I understand that the entire committee has agreed to take a bath this weekend and that will help some. (This last statement all in fun.)

Seriously speaking, this clean-up program is immensely worthwhile. It is worth the consideration of every loyal citizen of this splendid community—and is already getting results. The old saying "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" is sometimes given as a Bible quotation. It is really not a Bible quotation but is based on the Bible and contains just as much truth. Clean premises, a clean body and a clean mind go hand in hand and you can hardly have one without the other two.

Since I represent the industrial community I think it is in order to suggest several things that make for cleanliness and sanitation. At the Groves Thread Company, with which I am connected, we clean up daily inside our plants and an outside force polices and cleans up the premises twice each week.

It is very rare that we have an employee reported sick.

Now getting back up street, it's encouraging to see the fine spirit shown by our City Council in cleaning up our slum

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districts. Certainly no one is more interested in this than our City Council but they need to know that the citizenship of this community is back of them and that they can count on us to back them up 100 per cent.

The entire city sighed with relief yesterday to learn that slum row was finally to be cleared up. There are also other places in our city, less conspicuous perhaps, that need to be cleaned up in more ways than one, and I am sure our Council and our police welcome the interest we take as individual citizens in these worthy undertakings but the interest must be individual before it can be collective and the emphasis therefore, is necessarily on individual and 100 per cent cooperation.

Let me add in conclusion that nothing could add more to our public morals or serve as a better advertisement for our fair city than cleanliness and beautification.

When invited to speak at the Pastor's Conference on the work of the pastor from a layman's viewpoint, I presented the following—

A Layman Looks at his Pastor—What He Expects of Him

I. As a man—just what word “man” implies:

So much is expected of a pastor that he has to try to be a Samson in most every way. May I suggest:

1. Man of excellent character.
2. A man in whom people can confide.
3. A pal to men and boys of the church.

4. Head of a happy home.
5. Live well-rounded life—Christ example.

II. As a student:

1. Be a consistent student.
2. A daily student of the Bible.
3. A daily student of current events.
4. A student of current literature.
5. A student of human life.
6. Prepare sermons well and repeat when needed. A good old Negro preacher used the same text and preached the same sermon three times in succession. When he announced the same subject for the third time, he was reminded by Deacon Jones that he had already used it twice. The Negro preacher said, "Yes Sar, I know that, but you have not heeded yet. When you comply with sermon No. 1, I will proceed with sermon No. 2.
7. Close student of denominational programs, plans, etc.

III. As a pastor:

1. Lead the members in the promotion of every objective that will strengthen the ministry of the church.
2. Serve faithfully in the promotion of every practical church and denominational objective.
3. A good visitor and counselor.
4. He should participate in all phases of the church work.
5. The pastor is the first officer of each and every organization of the church. He is called of God to be the spiritual leader in the church he serves. Upon him rests the responsibility of leading the entire membership of

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the church into active worship and service. Therefore, every activity of the church rightly begins with the pastor.

The pastor is a busy man. He must pray, study, preach, visit, hold conferences and perform many other duties which often keeps him busy from early morning until late at night. No pastor should try to attend all the meetings held by the various organizations in his church but every pastor should attend as often as possible for his presence will lend encouragement and inspiration.

IV. As a preacher—preach the word.

I asked my old colored maid one Monday morning if she had a good preacher. She replied, "I sho does. He preaches the word—preaches it Holy."

1. Sound forth the saving message of Christ to lost people in his church and community.
2. His message should be based solely on the Scriptures, preaching about prevalent sins and fearlessly speaking out on any subject affecting the morals of the church, community or nation.
3. His preaching should summon the laymen of his church to be faithful stewards with all with which God has endowed them and lead them to understand and respond to:
 - a. The call of the church.
 - b. The spirit of the church.
 - c. The program of the church, and the challenge which the church offers.

In 1942 after serving for ten years as General Superintendent of the First Baptist Sunday School at Gastonia, N. C., the Gaston Baptist Association asked me to speak at their annual convention on the "Layman and his Church." I gave much and prayerful thought to the subject over many days and finally wrote out an outline that I have used, with considerable variations, before laymen's meetings and other religious gatherings about one hundred times in various parts of the South.

In the preparation of this speech, four things seem to stand out in my mind—namely The Call of the Layman, The Spirit of the Layman, The Program of the Layman, and the Challenge his Church offers him.

Even as a layman, I have always felt that one should never endeavor to speak on any religious subject without having and using a scriptural background. I therefore consider John 3:16, Matthew 28: 19-20 and II Timothy 2:15 most appropriate. These in order read:

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all thing whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman

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that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

A Christian layman cannot read these scriptures without being profoundly impressed with God's great love and sacrifice for us; to feel the urge to react to the great commission and to work efficiently and effectively in his church and denominational program.

Now, let's consider the four steps of the layman.

I. The Call of the Layman.

Yes, laymen are called into service. We all have talents of some kind that can be used in some way, and the story of the talents shows clearly that the one talent man receives the same reward as the five talent man, if he uses his talent. The Bible also teaches that our talents will be greatly multiplied if used. The farmer knows that an unused tool will rust out as quickly as a used one will wear out. As a young layman back in 1915-1917, I used to go around with Dr. Frank H. Leavell, who was then secretary of Baptist Young People's Work in Georgia. I heard Mr. Leavell make many speeches and almost invariably he would say, "There is in the heart of every regenerated person a desire to serve in some way his Lord."

While attending high school in 1910, my pastor, Dr. Reddish observed that I was teaching a class of Junior boys for the Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. Joe Wray. This gave Dr. Reddish the idea I planned to study for the ministry so he asked me one day. When I told him no, he replied, "Your reply does not disappoint me for the greatest need is for con-

secrated laymen who will heed the call to work in the vineyard of their Lord."

Abraham responded to the call and became the "Father of the Faithful."

Solomon responded to the call and became the wisest man of his day.

Isaiah responded to the call by saying, "Here am I, send me."

Samuel heard the call and responded, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

The disciples heard and responded to the call and became the first great missionaries of Christianity.

The same call that came to the fishermen of old comes to the layman today, "Follow Me," says Jesus, "and I will make you fishers of men."

II. The Spirit of the Layman.

Sometimes the layman's spirit is not too good. In fact, more like a mule than the lovely race horse. When I was a boy on the farm, I had some experience plowing a white mule in a new ground. If you have never done this, you cannot fully understand and appreciate the old expression "Stubborn as a mule."

The spirit of the layman involves cooperation possibly more than any other thing. In our daily vocations, cooperation is generally understood and appreciated and automatically becomes a part of our initiative but in the freedom of our church work, its importance is sometimes forgotten.

Cooperation can best be illustrated by the poem about two

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black mules written many years ago by an unknown author. The mules were tied to the opposite end of a rope and each pulling in opposite directions trying to reach a pile of hay on each side. The picture accompanying the poem showed that they finally came to the center for a conference and then both went together to one side and then to the other and enjoyed the hay. The poem ran like this—

Two mules which were equally strong,
Were tied to a rope about ten feet long.
Said one to the other, "You come my way
While I take a nibble at this new mown hay."
"I won't," said the other, "You come with me.
For I, too, have some hay, you see."
So they got nowhere—just pawed up dirt,
And, oh, how their necks that rope did hurt.
Then they faced about, those stubborn mules,
And said, "We are just like human fools.
Let's pull together. I'll go your way,
Then come with me, and we'll both eat hay!"
Well, they ate their hay, and liked it, too,
And swore to be comrades good and true.
As the sun went down, they were heard to say,
Ah, this is the end of a perfect day.

In other words, the layman's spirit is the layman's soul as expressed by the little poem—

One ship sails East, and the other sails West,
By the self same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale,

That determines the way they go.
 Like the winds of the sea are the waves of time,
 As we journey along through life.
 'Tis the set of the soul that determines our goal,
 And not the calm or the strife.

Even if we discussed the spirit of the layman at great length we would have to come back to the conclusion that it should be nothing more or nothing less than the spirit of Christ as exemplified in the lives of laymen.

III. The Program of the Layman.

The program of the layman is largely one for church planning at the denominational and local church levels. If you tell me the plans and program of your denomination and your church, I will tell you the program of the layman for they are one and the same. The layman's Brotherhood sponsors the whole work of the church, hence, the layman should be vitally interested in all activities of his church. The Brotherhood, the Sunday School, and the Training Service of the church affords marvelous opportunities for laymen to work with the young people.

In my work, I have had numerous opportunities and soul stirring experiences with young people by working through these church organizations as a teacher or officer. If space would permit, I could relate many, but I mention only one. About 1929, a handsome twelve year old boy came to my office to deliver a telegram. Being superintendent of my Sunday School, I was on the lookout for new members so I made his acquaintance and found he had just moved to my town

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and was interested in my church. I made a date with him to show him the town and then take him to Sunday School where I placed him in the twelve year class in the Junior Department. In the meantime, I had an opportunity to discuss with him the New Testament plan of salvation. His response was glorious and following the service, he went forward and made a public profession and joined the church. He has been an active member of the church through the years, has a lovely family, is treasurer of a large corporation in our city, and an officer and largest contributor in his church.

This is the program of the church. This is the program of the layman. The various organizations of the church are very important but they succeed only to the extent that they do three things, namely—teach the Bible, win the unsaved to Christ, and to the Church, and enlist them in the service of the Church.

I like to think of the layman as a bridge builder, as expressed in the immortal poem—

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim—
That sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when he reached the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

“Old man,” said a fellow pilgrim near,
“You are wasting strength in building here,

Your journey will end with the ending day;
 You never again must pass this way,
 You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
 Why build you the bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,
 "Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
 "There followeth after me today
 A youth whose feet must pass this way.
 This chasm that has been naught to me
 To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
 He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
 Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

IV. The Challenge the Church Offers the Layman.

Having considered the call, the spirit, and the program of the layman, there comes to our minds and hearts a great challenge to work in the vineyard of our Lord.

Many laymen have failed to accept the challenge because they ignored the call, hence, did not come to feel the spirit and understand the layman's program. On the other hand, many laymen are accepting the challenge and the opportunity to be of great service in their church and community and some, like Mr. Howard Butt, Mr. R. G. LeTourneau and others are extending their beneficent influence throughout the U.S.A. and many foreign countries.

The opportunity may be small but its potential may be large and expanding if we will find time as expressed by the poet:

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Opportunity knocked at the door,
With a chance for a fellow within.
He rapped 'til his fingers were sore,
And muttered, "Come on, let me in.
"I've a job that ought to be done
It's a chance if you've time to take it."
Said the fellow within, "Come along, pass it in,
I'll either find time or I'll make it."

In 1917, Dr. Floyd Fields, recently retired dean of Georgia Tech, of Atlanta, spoke to the Interdenominational Sunday School Superintendent Congress in Atlanta, of which I was a member. He then taught mathematics at the Boys High School. Each of us around the tables in the dining room at the Ansley Hotel were asked to stand and state our vocation and job in the church. When Dr. Fields arose, he said, "My main job in life is teaching a class of boys at the North Avenue Presbyterian Church—I teach math at Boys High School in order to support my family." Dr. Fields had accepted the challenge.

I fully agree with Dr. I. J. Van Ness that the place of the layman in the church is a high place under the sun. We should thank God for the opportunity to serve and go about our work with a consuming zeal.

While visiting once with Mr. J. F. Jarman of the great Jarman and General Shoe Companies, I observed his slogan reading, "God first, Family second, Shoes third." No one need inquire as to the secret of Mr. Jarman's success as a manufacturer and layman for it was evident from his slogan that he had put God first in his life.

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